POEMS OF PLACES

EDITED BY

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

FRANCE

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HENRY W. LONGFELLOW

It is the Soul that sees; the outward eyes
Present the object, but the Mind descries.
CRABBE.

FRANCE

VOL. I.

BOSTON AND NEW YORK
HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN AND COMPANY
The Riverside Press, Cambridge

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By HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

CONTENTS.

		PAGE
INTRODUCTORY.		
France	*O. Goldsmith*	1
France	*S. T. Coleridge*	2
France	*W. Wordsworth*	6
France	*Charles d'Orleans*	7
Queen Mary's Farewell	*Mary Queen of Scots*	8
Mary Stuart's Farewell	*P. J. de Béranger*	8
The Marseillaise	*R. De Lisle.*	10
AGINCOURT (AZINCOURT).		
Agincourt	*W. Shakespeare*	13
Henry the Fifth at Agincourt	"	15
The Ballad of Agincourt	*M. Drayton*	17
Agincourt	*T. Heywood*	21
AIGALADES, THE.		
On the Terrace of the Aigalades	*J. Méry*	21
AIGUES-MORTES.		
Aigue-Morte	*J. Reboul*	23
ANGIERS (ANGERS).		
Angiers	*W. Shakespeare*	25
Angiers	"	26
ARDENNES.		
Ardennes	*W. Shakespeare*	27
Song	"	29
Ardennes	"	30
The Forest of Ardennes	*F. Petrarca*	31
ARGELÈS.		
Above, upon the mountains	*C. Despourrins*	32
ARGENTEUIL.		
Eloïsa to Abelard	*A. Pope*	34

ARLES.
ARLES . . . . . *F. Mistral* . . . 35
ARLES . . . . . " . . . 37
ARRAS.
THE DUKE'S EXEQUY . . . . . *E. C. Stedman* . 41
AUVERGNE.
MONTAGNARDE . . . . . *Anonymous* . . 43
AVIGNON.
AVIGNON . . . . . *Maria Lowell* . . 44
THE MASSACRE OF AVIGNON . . . . . *B. R. Parkes* . . 46
THE BELLS OF AVIGNON . . . . . *W. Thornbury* . 48
THE WINE OF AVIGNON . . . . . *F. Redi* 51
BARÉGES.
ON RETURNING FROM BARÉGES . . . . *J. J. L. de Pompignan* 51
BESANÇON.
TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE . . . . . *W. Wordsworth* . 53
TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE . . . . . *J. G. Whittier* . 53
BISCAY, THE BAY.
THE BAY OF BISCAY O! . . . . . *A. Cherry* . . . 55
BLAYE.
GEOFFRY RUDEL AND MELISANDA OF TRIPOLI. *H. Heine* . . . 56
BLOIS.
TO M. LOUIS BLANC, IN BLOIS . . . . *V. Hugo* . . . 59
BORDEAUX.
BURDIGALA . . . . . *Ausonius* . . . 61
TO THE MEMORY OF EDWARD THE BLACK PRINCE . . . . . *Sir Walter Scott* . 62
BOULOGNE.
NAPOLEON AND THE BRITISH SAILOR . . . *T. Campbell* . . 64
BONCOURT.
CHÂTEAU BONCOURT . . . . . *L. A. von Chamisso* 67
BOURG-LA-REINE.
BOURG-LA-REINE . . . . . *B. R. Parkes* . . 68
CHARMING GABRIELLE . . . . . *Henri IV.* . . . 70
BRIENNE.
THE SCHOOL-BOY KING . . . . . *W. Thornbury* . 71
BRITTANY.
ADIEU TO BRITTANY . . . . . *S. Ferguson* . . 74
BROU.
THE CHURCH OF BROU . . . . . *M. Arnold* . . . 78

CAEN.
Burial of William the Conqueror . . . *F. Hemans* . . 86
CALAIS.
Calais . . . . . *L. H. Sigourney* . 88
Fish-Women . . . . . *W. Wordsworth* . 92
Calais Sands . . . . . *M. Arnold* . . . 92
CAMARGUE.
Camargue . . . . . *F. Mistral.* . . 94
Petite Camargue . . . . . " . . . 96
CANNES.
Rachel . . . . . *M. Arnold* . . 100
Near Cannes . . . . . *C. K. Aitken* . . 101
CARCASSONNE.
Carcassonne . . . . . *G. Nadaud* . . 102
CARENNAC.
The Little Abbey of Carennac . . . . *F. Fénélon* . . 104
CARNAC.
Stanzas composed at Carnac . . . . . *M. Arnold* . . 107
CASTÈL-CUILLÈ.
Castèl-Cuillè . . . . . *J. Jasmin* . . . 109
CAUDEBEC.
Written at Caudebec in Normandy . . . *A. H. Hallam* . 110
CAUTERETZ.
In the Valley of Cauteretz . . . . . *A. Tennyson* . . 111
CETTE.
A Southern Night . . . . . *M. Arnold* . . . 112
CHARTRES.
Chartres . . . . . *J. R. Lowell* . . 114
CHÂTEAU D'IF.
The Château d'If . . . . . *J. Pardoe* . . . 120
CHARTREUSE, LA GRANDE.
The Grande Chartreuse . . . . . *W. Wordsworth* . 124
The Grande Chartreuse . . . . . *M. Arnold* . . . 125
In the Valley of the Grande Chartreuse *F. T. Palgrave* . 133
CHENONCEAUX.
The Banks of the Cher . . . . . *A. M. Lemièrre* . 134
CHINON.
Chinon . . . . . *R. Southey* . . . 138
CLERMONT.
The Council of Clermont . . . . . *Sir A. de Vere* . 139

CLISSON.
Clisson . . . . . *K. H. Digby* . . 140
The Castle of Clisson . . . . . *T. G. Appleton* . 142

CRESSY (CRÉCY).
The Ballad of Crécy . . . . . *R. H. Stoddard* . 143

CORSICA.
Corsica . . . . . *A. L. Barbauld* . 146

COUTRAS.
The Death of Joyeuse . . . . . *Anonymous* . . 149

DIEPPE.
At Dieppe . . . . . *W. W. Story* . . 150

DINAN.
The Baron de Jauioz . . . . . *Anonymous* . . 151

DOMRÉMY.
Joan of Arc . . . . . *W. Shakespeare* . 156
Joan of Arc's Farewell to her Home . *F. Schiller* . . . 157
The Maid of Orleans . . . . . " . . . 159
Domrémy . . . . . *R. Southey* . . . 159

DREUX.
King Henry the Fifth and the Hermit of Dreux . . . . . *R. Southey* . . . 161

DUNKIRK (DUNKERQUE).
Peace and Dunkirk . . . . . *J. Swift* . . . 164

DURANCE, THE RIVER.
Sir Reginald . . . . . *M. R. Mitford* . 165
The Durance . . . . . *L. E. Landon* . . 166

ELLÉ, THE RIVER.
Waters of Elle . . . . . *Anonymous* . . 168

ELLIANT.
The Plague of Elliant . . . . . *Ballads of Brittany* 169

ERMENONVILLE.
For the Cenotaph at Ermenonville . . *R. Southey* . . . 171

FINISTÈRE.
Finistère . . . . . *J. Kenward* . . 172

FONTAINEBLEAU.
Fontainebleau . . . . . *B. R. Parkes* . . 173
In the Forest of Fontainebleau . . . . *C. P. Cranch* . . 178
The Bells of Fontainebleau . . . . . *W. Thornbury* . 179

FONTENAY.
Fontenay . . . . . *G. A. de Chaulieu* 181

FONTEVRAULT.
Cœur de Lion at the Bier of his Father *F. Hemans.* . . 184

GASTINE.
To the Forest of Gastine . . . . . *P. de Ronsard* . 187

GAUBE, THE LAKE.
The Tragedy of the Lac de Gaube, in the Pyrenees . . . . . *Lord Houghton* . 189

GÉVAUDUN.
Clotilde . . . . . *Anonymous* . . 193

HARFLEUR.
Henry the Fifth before Harfleur. . . *W. Shakespeare* . 194

HAUTEFORT.
Bertrand de Born. . . . . *B. de Born* . . 196

HAUTVILLERS.
Elegy written at the Convent of Haut Villers, in Champagne, 1754 . . . . *M. Akenside* . . 198

IVRY-LA-BATAILLE.
The Battle of Ivry . . . . . *T. B. Macaulay* . 199

JURANÇON.
The Wine of Jurançon . . . . . *C. Coran* . . . 203

KAER-IS.
The Drowning of Kaer-is . . . . . *Ballads of Brittany* 204

KERLOÄN.
Bran. . . . . " " 207

KÉROULAZ.
The Heiress of Kéroulaz . . . . . *Anonymous* . . 213

LA CHAUDEAU.
At La Chaudeau . . . . . *X. Marmier* . . 220

LA CRAU.
La Crau . . . . . *F. Mistral* . 221

LA GARAYE.
Château La Garaye . . . . . *Hon. Mrs. Norton* 224

LA QUENILLE (LA QUEILLE).
A Modern Pilgrimage. . . . . *A. H. Clough* . . 231

LIRÉ.
Du Bellay to his Native Village . . . *J. du Bellay* . . 232

LOIRE, THE RIVER.
The Loire . . . . . *W. Wordsworth* . 233
To the Loire. . . . . *Anonymous* . . 235

LUBERON, THE MOUNTAINS.
Gathering the Cocoons . . . . . *F. Mistral* . . . 239
MARLY-LE-ROI.
Marly-le-Roi . . . . . *B. R. Parkes* . . 241
MARMOUTIER.
The Monk of Marmoutier . . . . . " . . 243
MARSEILLES.
Marseilles . . . . . *F. Mistral* . . . 247
Captain Rance. 1525 . . . . . *Old French Song* . 248
MARTIGUE.
The Suitors . . . . . *F. Mistral* . . . 249
MESNIL-SOUS-JUMIÉGES.
Agnes Sorel . . . . . *J. A. de Baïf* . . 250
MONCONTOUR.
A Song of the Huguenots . . . . . *T. B. Macaulay* . 253
MONTAUBAN.
Verses written at Montauban, 1750 . . *T. Warton* . . 254
MONTMARTRE.
Heine's Grave . . . . . *M. Arnold* . . . 255
MONTPELLIER.
Narcissa . . . . . *E. Young* . . . 258
MONT VALÉRIEN.
The Chapel of the Hermits . . . . . *J. G. Whittier* . 260
MORBIHAN.
St. Gildas de Rhuis . . . . . *H. W. Longfellow* 263

INTRODUCTORY.

FRANCE.

TO kinder skies, where gentler manners reign,
I turn; and France displays her bright domain:
Gay, sprightly land of mirth and social ease,
Pleased with thyself, whom all the world can please,
How often have I led thy sportive choir,
With tuneless pipe, beside the murmuring Loire!
Where shading elms along the margin grew,
And freshened from the wave the zephyr flew;
And haply, though my harsh touch, faltering still,
But mocked all tune, and marred the dancer's skill,
Yet would the village praise my wondrous power,
And dance, forgetful of the noontide hour.
Alike all ages. Dames of ancient days
Have led their children through the mirthful maze;
And the gay grandsire, skilled in gestic lore,
Has frisked beneath the burden of threescore.
So blest a life these thoughtless realms display,
Thus idly busy rolls their world away:
Theirs are those arts that mind to mind endear,

For honor forms the social temper here, —
Honor, that praise which real merit gains,
Or even imaginary worth obtains,
Here passes current; paid from hand to hand,
It shifts, in splendid traffic, round the land;
From courts to camps, to cottages it strays,
And all are taught an avarice of praise;
They please, are pleased, they give to get esteem,
Till, seeming blest, they grow to what they seem.

Oliver Goldsmith.

FRANCE.

I.

YE clouds! that far above me float and pause,
Whose pathless march no mortal may control!
Ye ocean-waves! that, wheresoe'er ye roll,
Yield homage only to eternal laws!
Ye woods! that listen to the night-birds singing,
Midway the smooth and perilous slope reclined,
Save when your own imperious branches swinging
Have made a solemn music of the wind!
Where, like a man beloved of God,
Through glooms, which never woodman trod,
How oft, pursuing fancies holy,
My moonlight way o'er flowering weeds I wound,
Inspired, beyond the guess of folly,
By each rude shape and wild unconquerable sound!
O ye loud waves! and O ye forests high!
And O ye clouds that far above me soared!

Thou rising sun! thou blue rejoicing sky!
Yea, everything that is and will be free!
Bear witness for me, wheresoe'er ye be,
With what deep worship I have still adored
The spirit of divinest Liberty.

II.

When France in wrath her giant-limbs upreared,
And with that oath which smote air, earth, and sea,
Stamped her strong foot and said she would be free,
Bear witness for me how I hoped and feared!
With what a joy my lofty gratulation
Unawed I sang, amid a slavish band:
And when to whelm the disenchanted nation,
Like fiends embattled by a wizard's wand,
The monarchs marched in evil day,
And Britain joined the dire array,
Though dear her shores and circling ocean,
Though many friendships, many youthful loves,
Had swollen the patriot emotion
And flung a magic light o'er all her hills and groves,
Yet still my voice, unaltered, sang defeat
To all that braved the tyrant-quelling lance,
And shame too long delayed and vain retreat!
For ne'er, O Liberty! with partial aim
I dimmed thy light or damped thy holy flame;
But blessed the pæans of delivered France,
And hung my head and wept at Britain's name.

III.

"And what," I said, "though Blasphemy's loud scream
With that sweet music of deliverance strove!
Though all the fierce and drunken passions wove
A dance more wild than e'er was maniac's dream!
Ye storms, that round the dawning east assembled,
The sun was rising, though ye hid his light!"
And when, to soothe my soul, that hoped and trembled,
The dissonance ceased, and all seemed calm and bright;
When France her front deep-scarred and gory
Concealed with clustering wreaths of glory;
When, insupportably advancing,
Her arm made mockery of the warrior's tramp;
While timid looks of fury glancing,
Domestic treason, crushed beneath her fatal stamp,
Writhed like a wounded dragon in his gore;
Then I reproached my fears that would not flee;
"And soon," I said, "shall Wisdom teach her lore
In the low huts of them that toil and groan!
And, conquering by her happiness alone,
Shall France compel the nations to be free,
Till Love and Joy look round, and call the earth their own."

IV.

Forgive me, Freedom! O, forgive those dreams!
I hear thy voice, I hear thy loud lament,
From bleak Helvetia's icy cavern sent, —

I hear thy groans upon her blood-stained streams!
Heroes, that for your peaceful country perished,
And ye that, fleeing, spot your mountain-snows
With bleeding wounds; forgive me that I cherished
One thought that ever blessed your cruel foes!
To scatter rage, and traitorous guilt,
Where Peace her jealous home had built;
A patriot-race to disinherit
Of all that made their stormy wilds so dear;
And with inexpiable spirit
To taint the bloodless freedom of the mountaineer,—
O France, that mockest Heaven, adulterous, blind,
And patriot only in pernicious toils,
Are these thy boasts, champion of human kind?
To mix with kings in the low lust of sway,
Yell in the hunt, and share the murderous prey;
To insult the shrine of Liberty with spoils
From freemen torn; to tempt and to betray?

v.

The Sensual and the Dark rebel in vain,
Slaves by their own compulsion! In mad game
They burst their manacles and wear the name
Of Freedom, graven on a heavier chain!
O Liberty! with profitless endeavor
Have I pursued thee, many a weary hour;
But thou nor swell'st the victor's strain, nor ever
Didst breathe thy soul in forms of human power.
Alike from all, howe'er they praise thee
(Nor prayer nor boastful name delays thee),

Alike from priestcraft's harpy minions,
And factious Blasphemy's obscener slaves,
Thou speedest on thy subtle pinions,
The guide of homeless winds, and playmate of the waves!
And there I felt thee!—on that sea-cliff's verge
Whose pines, scarce travelled by the breeze above,
Had made one murmur with the distant surge!
Yes, while I stood and gazed, my temples bare,
And shot my being through earth, sea, and air,
Possessing all things with intensest love,
O Liberty! my spirit felt thee there.

Samuel Taylor Coleridge.

FRANCE.

LIGHTLY equipped, and but a few brief looks
Cast on the white cliffs of our native shore
From the receding vessel's deck, we chanced
To land at Calais on the very eve
Of that great federal day; and there we saw,
In a mean city, and among a few,
How bright a face is worn when joy of one
Is joy for tens of millions. Southward thence
We held our way, direct through hamlets, towns
Gaudy with relics of that festival,
Flowers left to wither on triumphal arcs,
And window-garlands. On the public roads,
And once three days successively through paths
By which our toilsome journey was abridged,
Among sequestered villages we walked,
And found benevolence and blessedness

Spread like a fragrance everywhere, when spring
Hath left no corner of the land untouched;
Where elms for many and many a league in files,
With their thin umbrage, on the stately roads
Of that great kingdom, rustled o'er our heads,
Forever near us as we paced along:
How sweet at such a time, with such delight
On every side, in prime of youthful strength,
To feed a poet's tender melancholy
And fond conceit of sadness, with the sound
Of undulations varying as might please
The wind that swayed them; once, and more than once,
Unhoused beneath the evening star, we saw
Dances of liberty, and, in late hours
Of darkness, dances in the open air
Deftly prolonged, though gray-haired lookers-on
Might waste their breath in chiding.

William Wordsworth.

FRANCE.

I STOOD upon the wild sea-shore,
And marked the wide expanse;
My straining eyes were turned once more
To long-loved, distant France:
I saw the sea-bird hurry by
Along the waters blue;
I saw her wheel amid the sky,
And mock my tearful, eager eye,
That would her flight pursue.

Onward she darts, secure and free,
And wings her rapid course to thee!
O that her wing were mine, to soar,
And reach thy lovely land once more!
O Heaven! it were enough to die
In my own, my native home, —
One hour of blessed liberty
Were worth whole years to come!

Charles d'Orleans. Tr. Louisa Stuart Costello.

QUEEN MARY'S FAREWELL.

FAREWELL, beloved France, to thee,
Best native land!
The cherished strand
That nursed my tender infancy!

Farewell, my childhood's happy day!
The bark that bears me thus away
Bears but the poorer moiety hence;
The nobler half remains with thee, —
I leave it to thy confidence,
But to remind thee still of me!

Mary Queen of Scots. Tr. Anonymous.

MARY STUART'S FAREWELL.

ADIEU, beloved France, adieu,
Thou ever wilt be dear to me.
Land which my happy childhood knew,
I feel I die, in quitting thee.

Thou wert the country of my choice,
I leave thee, loving thee alone;
Ah! hear the exile's parting voice,
And think of her when she is gone.
The breeze about the vessel plays,
We leave the coast, — I weep in vain,
For God the billows will not raise,
To cast me on thy shore again.
Adieu, beloved France, etc.

When on my brow the lilies bright
Before admiring throngs I wore,
'T was not my state that charmed their sight,
They loved my youthful beauty more.
Although the Scot with sombre mien
Gives me a crown, I still repine;
I only wished to be a queen,
Ye sons of France, to call you mine.
Adieu, beloved France, etc.

Love, glory, genius crowded round,
My youthful spirit to elate;
On Caledonia's rugged ground,
Ah! changed indeed will be my fate.
E'en now terrific omens seem
To threaten ill, — my heart is scared;
I see, as in a hideous dream,
A scaffold for my death prepared.
Adieu, beloved France, etc.

France, from amid the countless fears
The Stuart's hapless child may feel,

E'en as she now looks through her tears,
So will her glances seek thee still.
Alas! the ship too swiftly sails,
O'er me are spreading other skies,
And night with humid mantle veils
Thy fading coast from these sad eyes.
Adieu, beloved France, etc.

Pierre Jean de Béranger. Tr. John Oxenford.

THE MARSEILLAISE.

COME, children of your country, come,
New glory dawns upon the world,
Our tyrants, rushing to their doom,
Their bloody standard have unfurled;
Already on our plains we hear
The murmurs of a savage horde;
They threaten with the murderous sword
Your comrades and your children dear.
Then up, and form your ranks, the hireling foe withstand;
March on, — his craven blood must fertilize the land.

Those banded serfs, — what would they have,
By tyrant kings together brought?
Whom are those fetters to enslave
Which long ago their hands have wrought?
You, Frenchmen, you they would enchain;
Doth not the thought your bosoms fire?
The ancient bondage they desire
To force upon your necks again.

Then up, and form your ranks, the hireling foe withstand;
March on, — his craven blood must fertilize the land.

Those marshalled foreigners, — shall they
Make laws to reach the Frenchman's hearth?
Shall hireling troops who fight for pay
Strike down our warriors to the earth?
God! shall we bow beneath the weight
Of hands that slavish fetters wear?
Shall ruthless despots once more dare
To be the masters of our fate?
Then up, and form your ranks, the hireling foe withstand;
March on, — his craven blood must fertilize the land.

Then tremble, tyrants, — traitors all, —
Ye, whom both friends and foes despise;
On you shall retribution fall,
Your crimes shall gain a worthy prize.
Each man opposes might to might;
And when our youthful heroes die
Our France can well their place supply;
We 're soldiers all with you to fight.
Then up, and form your ranks, the hireling foe withstand;
March on, — his craven blood must fertilize the land.

Yet, generous warriors, still forbear
To deal on all your vengeful blows;
The train of hapless victims spare,
Against their will they are our foes.

But O, those despots stained with blood,
Those traitors leagued with base Bouillé,
Who make their native land their prey; —
Death to the savage tiger-brood!
Then up, and form your ranks, the hireling foe withstand;
March on, — his craven blood must fertilize the land.

And when our glorious sires are dead,
Their virtues we shall surely find
When on the selfsame path we tread,
And track the fame they leave behind.
Less to survive them we desire
Than to partake their noble grave;
The proud ambition we shall have
To live for vengeance or expire.
Then up, and form your ranks, the hireling foe withstand;
March on, — his craven blood must fertilize the land.

Come, love of country, guide us now,
Endow our vengeful arms with might,
And, dearest liberty, do thou
Aid thy defenders in the fight.
Unto our flags let victory,
Called by thy stirring accents, haste;
And may thy dying foes at last
Thy triumph and our glory see.
Then up, and form your ranks, the hireling foe withstand;
March on, — his craven blood must fertilize the land.

Rouget De Lisle. Tr. John Oxenford.

FRANCE.

Agincourt (*Azincourt*).

AGINCOURT.

NOW entertain conjecture of a time,
When creeping murmur, and the poring dark,
Fills the wide vessel of the universe.
From camp to camp, through the foul womb of Night,
The hum of either army stilly sounds,
That the fix'd sentinels almost receive
The secret whispers of each other's watch;
Fire answers fire, and through their paly flames
Each battle sees the other's umber'd face;
Steed threatens steed, in high and boastful neighs
Piercing the Night's dull ear; and from the tents,
The armourers, accomplishing the knights,
With busy hammers closing rivets up,
Give dreadful note of preparation:
The country cocks do crow, the clocks do toll,
And the third hour of drowsy morning name.
Proud of their numbers, and secure in soul,

The confident and over-lusty French
Do the low-rated English play at dice;
And chide the cripple tardy-gaited Night,
Who, like a foul and ugly witch, doth limp
So tediously away. The poor condemned English,
Like sacrifices, by their watchful fires
Sit patiently, and inly ruminate
The morning's danger; and their gestures sad,
Investing lank-lean cheeks and war-worn coats,
Presenteth them unto the gazing moon
So many horrid ghosts. O, now, who will behold
The royal captain of this ruin'd band,
Walking from watch to watch, from tent to tent,
Let him cry, Praise and glory on his head!
For forth he goes, and visits all his host;
Bids them good morrow, with a modest smile;
And calls them brothers, friends, and countrymen.
Upon his royal face there is no note
How dread an army hath enrounded him,
Nor doth he dedicate one jot of color
Unto the weary and all-watched night;
But freshly looks, and over-bears attaint
With cheerful semblance and sweet majesty;
That every wretch, pining and pale before,
Beholding him, plucks comfort from his looks.
A largess universal, like the sun,
His liberal eye doth give to every one,
Thawing cold fear.

William Shakespeare.

HENRY THE FIFTH AT AGINCOURT.

WESTMORELAND. O that we now had here
But one ten thousand of those men in England
That do no work to-day!

(*Enter* KING HENRY.)

KING HENRY. What 's he that wishes so?
My cousin Westmoreland? — No, my fair cousin:
If we are mark'd to die, we are enow
To do our country loss; and if to live,
The fewer men the greater share of honor.
God's will! I pray thee, wish not one man more.

By Jove, I am not covetous for gold;
Nor care I who doth feed upon my cost;
It yearns me not if men my garments wear;
Such outward things dwell not in my desires:
But if it be a sin to covet honor,
I am the most offending soul alive.
No, 'faith, my coz, wish not a man from England:
God's peace! I would not lose so great an honor,
As one man more, methinks, would share from me,
For the best hope I have. O, do not wish one more:
Rather proclaim it, Westmoreland, through my host,
That he which hath no stomach to this fight
Let him depart; his passport shall be made,
And crowns for convoy put into his purse:
We would not die in that man's company
That fears his fellowship to die with us.

This day is call'd the feast of Crispian:
He that outlives this day, and comes safe home,
Will stand a tip-toe when this day is nam'd,
And rouse him at the name of Crispian.
He that shall live this day, and see old age,
Will yearly on the vigil feast his friends,
And say, To-morrow is Saint Crispian:
Then will he strip his sleeves, and show his scars,
And say, these wounds I had on Crispian's day.
Old men forget; yet all shall be forgot,
But he 'll remember, with advantages,
What feats he did that day: then shall our names,
Familiar in their mouths as household words, —
Harry the king, Bedford, and Exeter,
Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloster, —
Be in their flowing cups freshly remember'd:
This story shall the good man teach his son;
And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by,
From this day to the ending of the world,
But we in it shall be remembered:
We few, we happy few, we band of brothers;
For he, to-day, that sheds his blood with me,
Shall be my brother; be he ne'er so vile,
This day shall gentle his condition:
And gentlemen in England, now abed,
Shall think themselves accurs'd they were not here,
And hold their manhood cheap, while any speaks
That fought with us upon Saint Crispin's day.

William Shakespeare.

THE BALLAD OF AGINCOURT.

FAIR stood the wind for France,
When we our sails advance,
Nor now to prove our chance
Longer will tarry;
But putting to the main,
At Kaux, the mouth of Seine,
With all his martial train,
Landed King Harry.

And taking many a fort,
Furnished in warlike sort,
Marchéd toward Agincourt
In happy hour;
Skirmishing day by day
With those that stopped his way,
Where the French general lay
With all his power.

Which in his height of pride,
King Henry to deride,
His ransom to provide
To the king sending;
Which he neglects the while,
As from a nation vile,
Yet, with an angry smile,
Their fall portending.

And turning to his men,
Quoth our brave Henry then:

"Though they to one be ten,
Be not amazed;
Yet have we well begun,
Battles so bravely won
Have ever to the sun
By fame been raised.

"And for myself," quoth he,
"This my full rest shall be;
England ne'er mourn for me,
Nor more esteem me.
Victor I will remain,
Or on this earth lie slain;
Never shall she sustain
Loss to redeem me.

"Poitiers and Cressy tell,
When most their pride did swell,
Under our swords they fell.
No less our skill is
Than when our grandsire great,
Claiming the regal seat,
By many a warlike feat
Lopped the French lilies."

The Duke of York so dread
The eager vaward led;
With the main Henry sped
Amongst his henchmen.
Excester had the rear,
A braver man not there:

O Lord! how hot they were
On the false Frenchmen!

They now to fight are gone;
Armour on armour shone;
Drum now to drum did groan,
To hear was wonder;
That with the cries they make
The very earth did shake;
Trumpet to trumpet spake,
Thunder to thunder.

Well it thine age became,
O noble Erpingham!
Which did the signal aim
To our hid forces;
When, from a meadow by,
Like a storm suddenly,
The English archery
Struck the French horses.

With Spanish yew so strong,
Arrows a cloth-yard long,
That like to serpents stung,
Piercing the weather;
None from his fellow starts,
But playing manly parts,
And like true English hearts,
Stuck close together.

When down their bows they threw,
And forth their bilbows drew,

And on the French they flew,
Not one was tardy:
Arms were from shoulders sent;
Scalps to the teeth were rent;
Down the French peasants went;
Our men were hardy.

This while our noble king,
His broadsword brandishing,
Down the French host did ding,
As to o'erwhelm it;
And many a deep wound rent
His arms with blood besprent,
And many a cruel dent,
Bruised his helmet.

Glo'ster, that duke so good,
Next of the royal blood,
For famous England stood,
With his brave brother;
Clarence, in steel so bright,
Though but a maiden knight,
Yet in that furious fight
Scarce such another.

Warwick in blood did wade,
Oxford the foe invade,
And cruel slaughter made,
Still as they ran up;
Suffolk his axe did ply;
Beaumont and Willoughby

Bare them right doughtily,
Ferrers and Fanhope.

Upon Saint Crispin's day
Fought was this noble fray,
Which fame did not delay
To England to carry;
O, when shall Englishmen
With such acts fill a pen,
Or England breed again
Such a King Harry?

Michael Drayton.

AGINCOURT.

AGINCOURT, Agincourt! know ye not Agincourt?
Where the English slew and hurt
All the French foemen.
With our guns and bills brown,
O, the French were beat down,
Morris-pikes and bowmen!

Thomas Heywood.

Aigalades, The.

ON THE TERRACE OF THE AIGALADES.

FROM this high portal, where upsprings
The rose to touch our hands in play,
We at a glance behold three things,—
The sea, the town and the highway.

And the sea says: My shipwrecks fear,
I drown my best friends in the deep;
And those who braved my tempests, here
Among my sea-weeds lie asleep!

The town says: I am filled and fraught
With tumult and with smoke and care;
My days with toil are overwrought,
And in my nights I gasp for air.

The highway says: My wheel-tracks guide
To the pale climates of the North;
Where my last milestone stands, abide
The people to their death gone forth.

Here, in the shade, this life of ours,
Full of delicious air, glides by
Amid a multitude of flowers,
As countless as the stars on high;

These red-tiled roofs, this fruitful soil,
Bathed with an azure all divine,
Where springs the tree that gives us oil,
The grape that giveth us the wine;

Beneath these mountains stripped of trees,
Whose tops with flowers are covered o'er;
Where springtime of the Hesperides
Begins, but endeth nevermore;

Under these leafy vaults and walls,
That unto gentle sleep persuade;

This rainbow of the waterfalls,
Of mingled mist and sunshine made;

Upon these shores, where all invites,
We live our languid life apart;
This air is that of life's delights,
The festival of sense and heart;

This limpid space of time prolong,
Forget to-morrow in to-day,
And leave unto the passing throng
The sea, the town, and the highway.

J. Méry. Tr. Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

Aigues-Mortes.

AIGUE-MORTE.

FOREVER misery and sure decay
Succeed a haughty pride and mighty sway.
Aigue-Morte, whose twenty towers still face the sea,
Consumptive city, sinking wretchedly,
Dies like an owl in hollow of her nest,
Like shrivelled knight still in full armor drest,
As in the almshouse yard the beggar dies
With naught to bless him but the summer skies.
Bordered with huts of reeds is old Aigue-Morte,
Some noble ships still anchor in its port.
Harassed by want the moody fisher bends,
With wood as old some shattered wherry mends.
And yet this place of gasping want and pain

Can count its golden links in time's long chain.
These walls still standing as of old they stood,
Whose dull-hued verdure paints the solitude,
Once held the Orient's most precious store,
And turbaned Moslems, wave-like, pressed the shore.
In holy anger, twice a pilgrim king
Hence set his thousand galleys on the wing,
When full of zeal to work his high design
And sweep the Crescent out of Palestine.
Here haughty barons clad in coats of mail
(Venice had linked and burnished every scale)
Waved from their glittering helmets, floating wide
The ostrich plume or pheasant-crest of pride.
O'er all the oriflamme here floated free,
Brought from the gloomy shades of St. Denis,
When France commanded, danger pressing nigh,
That all her sons should conquer or should die.
Two peoples figured in their kings here met,
And with a kiss the seal of peace was set.
Gold, purple, azure, for the jousts were spread,
Vying in splendor with the heavens o'erhead;
Afar was borne the martial trumpet's sound,
The charger's hoofs impatient smote the ground,
From splendid balconies there fluttered now
Fair ladies' gloves to greet the victor's brow.
Lo! all now sleeps, — vanished the splendid train,
These silent shores alone to us remain.
In the dry marsh is heard the plaintive bird
Whose heavy flight the tamarisk has stirred;
The wave that rocks with solemn beat and slow
Like an eternal pendule to and fro.

Jean Reboul. Tr. Charlotte Fiske Bates.

Angiers (*Angers*).

ANGIERS.

KING JOHN. These flags of France, that are advanced here
Before the eye and prospect of your town,
Have hither march'd to your endamagement.
The cannons have their bowels full of wrath;
And ready mounted are they, to spit forth
Their iron indignation 'gainst your walls.
All preparation for a bloody siege,
And merciless proceeding by these French,
Confront your city's eyes, your winking gates;
And, but for our approach, those sleeping stones,
That as a waist do girdle you about,
By the compulsion of their ordinance,
By this time from their fixed beds of lime
Had been dishabited, and wide havoc made
For bloody power to rush upon your peace.
But, on the sight of us, your lawful King,
Who painfully, with much expedient march,
Have brought a counter-check before your gates,
To save unscratch'd your city's threaten'd cheeks —
Behold! the French, amazed, vouchsafe a parle.
And now, instead of bullets wrapped in fire,
To make a shaking fever in your walls,
They shoot but calm words, folded up in smoke,
To make a faithless error in your ears:

Which trust accordingly, kind citizens,
And let us in, your King, whose labor'd spirits,
Forwearied in this action of swift speed,
Crave harborage within your city-walls.

William Shakespeare.

ANGIERS.

FRENCH HERALD. You men of Angiers, open wide your gates,
And let young Arthur, Duke of Bretagne, in;
Who, by the hand of France, this day hath made
Much work for tears in many an English mother,
Whose sons lie scatter'd on the bleeding ground.
Many a widow's husband groveling lies,
Coldly embracing the discolor'd earth;
And Victory, with little loss, doth play
Upon the dancing banners of the French,
Triumphantly display'd; who are at hand,
To enter conquerors, and to proclaim
Arthur of Bretagne, England's King, and yours.

(*Enter an* ENGLISH HERALD, *with trumpets.*)

ENGLISH HERALD. Rejoice, you men of Angiers, ring your bells;
King John, your king and England's, doth approach
Commander of this hot malicious day.
Their armours, that march'd hence so silver-bright,
Hither return all gilt with Frenchmen's blood;
There stuck no plume in any English crest,
That is removed by a staff of France:

Our colours do return in those same hands
That did display them when we first march'd forth;
And, like a jolly troop of huntsmen, come
Our lusty English, all with purpled hands.
Dyed in the dying slaughter of their foes.
Open your gates, and give the victors way.

William Shakespeare.

Ardennes.

ARDENNES.

DUKE. Now, my co-mates, and brothers in exile,
Hath not old custom made this life more sweet
Than that of painted pomp? Are not these woods
More free from peril than the envious court?
Here feel we not the penalty of Adam.
The seasons' difference, as the icy fang,
And churlish chiding of the winter's wind, —
Which when it bites and blows upon my body,
Even till I shrink with cold, I smile, and say,
This is no flattery, — these are counsellors
That feelingly persuade me what I am.
Sweet are the uses of adversity,
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head;
And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing.

AMIENS. I would not change it: Happy is your grace,

That can translate the stubbornness of fortune
Into so quiet and so sweet a style.

DUKE. Come, shall we go and kill us venison?
And yet it irks me, the poor dappled fools,
Being native burghers of this desert city,
Should, in their own confines, with forked heads
Have their round haunches gor'd.

1 LORD. Indeed, my lord,
The melancholy Jaques grieves at that;
And, in that kind, swears you do more usurp
Than doth your brother that hath banish'd you.
To-day, my lord of Amiens and myself
Did steal behind him, as he lay along
Under an oak, whose antique root peeps out
Upon the brook that brawls along this wood;
To the which place a poor sequester'd stag,
That from the hunter's aim had ta'en a hurt,
Did come to languish: and, indeed, my lord,
The wretched animal heav'd forth such groans,
That their discharge did stretch his leathern coat
Almost to bursting; and the big round tears
Cours'd one another down his innocent nose
In piteous chase; and thus the hairy fool,
Much marked of the melancholy Jaques,
Stood on the extremest verge of the swift brook,
Augmenting it with tears.

DUKE. But what said Jaques?
Did he not moralize this spectacle?

1 LORD. O yes, into a thousand similes.
First, for his weeping into the needless stream;
"Poor deer," quoth he, "thou mak'st a testament

As worldlings do, giving thy sum of more
To that which had too much." Then, being alone,
Left and abandon'd of his velvet friends;
"'T is right," quoth he; "this misery doth part
The flux of company." Anon, a careless herd,
Full of the pasture, jumps along by him,
And never stays to greet him: "Ay," quoth Jaques,
"Sweep on, you fat and greasy citizens;
'T is just the fashion: Wherefore do you look
Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there?"
Thus most invectively he pierceth through
The body of the country, city, court,
Yea, and of this our life; swearing that we
Are mere usurpers, tyrants, and what's worse,
To fright the animals, and to kill them up,
In their assign'd and native dwelling-place.

William Shakespeare.

SONG.

UNDER the greenwood tree
Who loves to lie with me,
And turn his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither:
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

Who doth ambition shun,
And loves to live i' the sun,

Seeking the food he eats,
And pleas'd with what he gets,
Come hither, come hither, come hither:
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

If it do come to pass,
That any man turn ass,
Leaving his wealth and ease,
A stubborn will to please,
Ducdàme, ducdàme, ducdàme:
Here shall he see
Gross fools as he,
An if he will come to me.

William Shakespeare.

ARDENNES.

A FOOL, a fool! — I met a fool i' the forest,
A motley fool; a miserable world!
As I do live by food, I met a fool,
Who laid him down and bask'd him in the sun,
And rail'd on lady Fortune in good terms,
In good set terms, — and yet a motley fool.
"Good morrow, fool," quoth I: "No, sir," quoth he,
"Call me not fool, till heaven hath sent me fortune."
And then he drew a dial from his poke,
And, looking on it with lack-lustre eye,
Says very wisely, "It is ten o'clock:
Thus may we see," quoth he, "how the world wags:

'T is but an hour ago since it was nine,
And after an hour more 't will be eleven:
And so from hour to hour we ripe and ripe,
And then from hour to hour we rot and rot;
And thereby hangs a tale." When I did hear
The motley fool thus moral on the time,
My lungs began to crow like chanticleer,
That fools should be so deep-contemplative;
And I did laugh, sans intermission,
An hour by his dial. — O, noble fool!
A worthy fool! Motley's the only wear.

William Shakespeare.

THE FOREST OF ARDENNES.

AMID the wildwood's lone and difficult ways,
Where travel at great risk e'en men in arms,
I pass secure, — for only me alarms
That sun which darts of living love the rays,
Singing fond thoughts in simple lays to her
Whom time and space so little hide from me.
E'en here her form, nor hers alone, I see,
But maids and matrons in each beech and fir.
Methinks I hear her where the bird's soft moan,
The sighing leaves, I hear, or through the dell
Where its bright lapse some murmuring rill pursues.
Rarely of shadowing wood the silence lone,
The solitary horror, pleased so well,
Except that of my sun too much I lose.

Francesco Petrarca. Tr. Macgregor.

Argelès.

ABOVE, UPON THE MOUNTAINS.

ABOVE, upon the mountains,
A shepherd, full of thought,
Beneath a beech sat musing
On changes time had wrought:
He told to every echo
The story of his care,
And made the rocks acquainted
With love and its despair.

"O light of heart!" he murmured,
"O fickle and unkind!
Is this the cold return
My tenderness should find?
Is this a fit reward
For tenderness like mine? —
Since thou hast sought a sphere
Where rank and riches shine,

"Thou canst not cast a thought
Upon my lowly cot;
And all our former vows
Are in thy pride forgot.
For thee to enter in,
My roof is far too low,
Thy very flocks disdain
With mine to wander now.

"Alas! I have no wealth,
No birth, no noble name,
A simple shepherd youth
Without a hope or claim;
But none of all the train
That now thy favors share
Can bear as I have borne,
Or with my love compare.

"I 'd rather keep my habits,
Though humble and untaught,
Than learn the ways of courts,
With dangerous falsehood fraught;
I 'd rather wear my bonnet,
Though rustic, wild, and worn,
Than flaunt in stately plumes
Of courtiers highly born.

"The riches of the world
Bring only care and pain,
And nobles great and grand
With many a rich domain,
Can scarcely half the pleasures,
With all their art, secure,
That wait upon the shepherd
Who lives content and poor.

"Adieu, thou savage heart!
Thou fair one without love;
I break the chain that bound us,
And thou art free to rove.

But know, when in thy vanity
Thou wanderest alone,
No heart like mine will ever
Adore as I have done."

Cyprien Despourrins. Tr. Louisa Stuart Costello.

Argenteuil.

ELOÏSA TO ABELARD.

IN these deep solitudes and awful cells,
Where heavenly-pensive contemplation dwells,
And ever-musing melancholy reigns,
What means this tumult in a Vestal's veins?
Why rove my thoughts beyond this last retreat?
Why feels my heart its long-forgotten heat?
Yet, yet I love!—From Abelard it came,
And Eloïsa yet must kiss the name.

Dear fatal name! rest ever unrevealed,
Nor pass these lips in holy silence sealed:
Hide it, my heart, within that close disguise
Where, mixed with God's, his loved idea lies:
O, write it not my hand,—the name appears
Already written,—wash it out, my tears!
In vain lost Eloïsa weeps and prays,
Her heart still dictates, and her hand obeys.

Relentless walls, whose darksome round contains
Repentant sighs and voluntary pains;

Ye rugged rocks, which holy knees have worn;
Ye grots and caverns, shagged with horrid thorn;
Shrines, where their vigils pale-eyed virgins keep;
And pitying saints, whose statues learn to weep, —
Though cold like you, unmoved and silent grown,
I have not yet forgot myself to stone.
All is not Heaven's while Abelard has part,
Still rebel nature holds out half my heart;
Nor prayers nor fasts its stubborn pulse restrain,
Nor tears for ages taught to flow in vain.

Alexander Pope.

Arles.

ARLES.

TO-DAY, fair Arles, a harvester thou seemest,
Who sleepest on thy threshing-floor, and dreamest
Of glories past; but a queen wert thou then,
And mother of so brave seafaring men,
The noisy winds themselves aye lost their way
In the great harbor where thy shipping lay.

Rome had arrayed thee in white marble newly,
As an imperial princess decked thee duly.
Thy brow a crown of stately columns wore;
The gates of thy arenas were sixscore;
Thou hadst thy theatre and hippodrome,
So to make mirth in thy resplendent home!

We pass within the gates. A crowd advances
Toward the theatre, with songs and dances.
We join them; and the eager thousands press
Through the cool colonnades of palaces;
As thou, mayhap, a mighty flood hast seen
Rush through a maple-shaded, deep ravine.

Arrived, — O, shame and sorrow! — we saw there
On the proscenium, with bosoms bare,
Young maidens waltzing to a languid lyre,
And high refrain sung by a shrill-voiced choir.
They in the mazes of their dance surrounded
A marble shape, whose name like "Venus" sounded.

The frenzied populace its clamor adds
Unto the cries of lasses and of lads,
Who shout their idol's praises o'er and o'er, —
"Hail to thee, Venus, of joy the bestower!
Hail to thee, Venus, goddess of all grace!
Mother of earth and of the Arlesian race!"

The statue, myrtle-crowned, with nostrils wide
And head high-borne, appears to swell with pride
Amid the incense-clouds; when suddenly,
In horror of so great audacity,
Leaps Trophimus amid the maddened wretches,
And o'er the bewildered throng his arms outstretches.

"People of Arles!" in mighty tones he cried,
"Hear me, even for the sake of Christ who died!"
No more. But, smitten by his shaggy frown,

The idol groaned and staggered, and fell down,
Headlong, from off its marble pedestal.
Fell, too, the awe-struck dancers, one and all.

Therewith went up, as 't were, a single howl;
Choked were the gateways with a rabble foul,
Who through all Arles spread terror and dismay,
So that patricians tore their crowns away;
And all the enragéd youth closed round us there,
While flashed a thousand poniards in the air.

Yet they recoiled; — whether it were the sight
Of us, in our salt-crusted robes bedight;
Or Trophimus' calm brow which beamed on them,
As wreathed with a celestial diadem;
Or tear-veiled Magdalen, who stood between us,
How tenfold fairer than their sculptured Venus!

Frédéric Mistral. Tr. Harriet W. Preston.

ARLES.

AT Arles in the Carlovingian days,
By the swift Rhône water,
A hundred thousand on either side,
Christian and Saracen fought till the tide
Ran red with the slaughter.

May God forefend such another flood
Of direful war!
The Count of Orange on that black morn

By seven great kings was overborne,
And fled afar,

Whenas he would avenge the death
Of his nephew slain.
Now are the kings upon his trail;
He slays as he flies; like fiery hail
His sword-strokes rain.

He hies him into the Aliscamp,[1]
No shelter there!
A Moorish hive is the home of the dead,
And hard he spurs his goodly steed
In his despair.

Over the mountain and over the moor
Flies Count Guillaume;
By sun and by moon he ever sees
The coming cloud of his enemies;
Thus gains his home,

Halts, and lifts at the castle gate
A mighty cry,
Calling his haughty wife by name,
"Guibour, Guibour, my gentle dame,
Open! 'T is I!

"Open the gate to thy Guillaume,
Ta'en is the city
By thirty thousand Saracen,

1 The Aliscamp, that is, Elysii Campi — an ancient cemetery near Arles, supposed to have been consecrated by Christ in person.

Lo, they are hunting me to my den;
Guibour, have pity!"

But the countess from the rampart cried,
"Nay, chevalier,
I will not open my gates to thee;
For, save the women and babes," said she,
"Whom I shelter here,

"And the priest who keeps the lamps alight,
Alone am I.
My brave Guillaume and his barons all
Are fighting the Moor by the Aliscamp wall,
And scorn to fly!"

"Guibour, Guibour, it is I myself!
And those men of mine,
(God rest their souls!) they are dead," he cried,
"Or rowing with slaves on the salt sea-tide.
I have seen the shine

"Of Arles on fire in the dying day;
I have heard one shriek
Go up from all the arenas where
The nuns disfigure their bodies fair
Lest the Marran wreak

"His brutal will. Avignon's self
Will fall to-day!
Sweetheart, I faint; O, let me in
Before the savage Mograbin
Fall on his prey!"

"I swear thou liest," cried Guibour,
"Thou base deceiver!
Thou art perchance thyself a Moor
Who whinest thus outside my door,
My Guillaume, never!

"Guillaume to look on burning towns
And fired by — thee!
Guillaume to see his comrades die,
Or borne to sore captivity,
And then to flee!

"He knows not flight! He is a tower
Where others fly!
The heathen spoiler's doom is sure,
The virgin's honor aye secure,
When he is by!"

Guillaume leapt up, his bridle set
Between his teeth,
While tears of love and tears of shame
Under his burning eyelids came,
And hard drew breath

And seized his sword and plunged his spurs
Right deep, and so
A storm, a demon, did descend
To roar and smite, to rout and rend
The Moorish foe.

As when one shakes an almond-tree,
The heathen slain
Upon the tender grass fall thick
Until the flying remnant seek
Their ships again.

Four kings with his own hand he slew,
And when once more
He turned him homeward from the fight,
Upon the drawbridge long in sight
Stood brave Guibour.

"By the great gateway enter in,
My lord!" she cried,
And might no further welcome speak,
But loosed his helm, and kissed his cheek,
With tears of pride.

Frédéric Mistral. Tr. Harriet W. Preston.

Arras.

THE DUKE'S EXEQUY.

CLOTHED in sable, crowned with gold,
All his wars and councils ended,
Philip lay, surnamed The Bold:
Passing-bell his quittance tolled,
And the chant of priests ascended.

Mailéd knights and archers stand,
Thronging in the church of Arras;
Nevermore at his command
Shall they scour the Netherland,
Nevermore the outlaws harass;

Naught is left of his array
Save a barren territory;
Forty years of generous sway
Sped his princely hordes away,
Bartered all his gold for glory.

Forth steps Flemish Margaret then,
Striding toward the silent ashes;
And the eyes of arméd men
Fill with startled wonder, when
On the bier her girdle clashes!

Swift she drew it from her waist,
And the purse and keys it carried
On the ducal coffin placed;
Then with proud demeanor faced
Sword and shield of him she married.

"No incumbrance of the dead
Must the living clog forever;
From thy debts and dues," she said,
"From the liens of thy bed,
We this day our line dissever.

"From thy hand we gain release,
Know all present by this token!

Let the dead repose in peace,
Let the claims upon us cease,
When the ties that bound are broken.

"Philip, we have loved thee long,
But, in years of future splendor,
Burgundy shall count among
Bravest deeds of tale and song
This, our widowhood's surrender."

Back the stately duchess turned,
While the priests and friars chanted,
And the swinging incense burned:
Thus by feudal rite was earned
Greatness for a race undaunted.

Edmund Clarence Stedman.

Auvergne.

MONTAGNARDE.

"I WOULD marry my daughter dear;
But she shall keep from the band away,
Who scour the country far and near,
And pounce from their rock like birds of prey.
Mère Colette is too wise, I trow,
To give her daughter to such as thou."

The pretty maid at the lattice stood,
The moon was dancing along the stream;

"I see a band from the distant wood, —
O mother, look how their lances gleam!"
Mère Colette is full of glee,
Her daughter the young lord's bride shall be.

"Those are the king's bold knights who ride,
And they are come the band to seize," —
The pretty maiden smiled aside:
"The king has no such knights as these."
Mère Colette to her bed is gone, —
The young maid sits at her window lone.

Midnight sounds from St. Jean's deep bell,
Arms are clashing and swords are bright,
Mère Colette has rested well
Not to hear the sounds that night:
Mère Colette has but sorry cheer, —
The Routiers have stolen her daughter dear!

Anonymous. Tr. Louisa Stuart Costello.

Avignon.

AVIGNON.

THE July day drew to a close, the fret of travel past,
The cool and moonlit courtyard of the inn was gained at last,
Where oleanders greeted us between their stately ranks,

As pink and proud as if they grew on native Indian
banks;
Seen from our chamber-window's ledge they looked
more strangely fair,
Like blossomed baskets lightly poised upon the summer
air.

When came the sultry morning sun, I did not care to go
On dusty roads, but stayed to see my oleanders glow
Within their shadowy oasis; the pilgrimage was long
To Petrarch's home, hot alien winds dried up his
dewy song;
Though Laura's cheek, with centuries sweet, still blushes
at his call,
Her blush was not so bright as yours, my oleanders
tall.

And fiercer grew the summer day, while in the court
below
The white-capped peasant-women trim kept moving to
and fro,
With little laughs and endless talks, whose murmur
rose to me
Like the spring chats of careless birds from blossomed
apple-tree;
And, hearing it, I blessed the choice that held me there
that day,
With my stately oleanders keeping all the world at bay.

The masonry of Nismes was lost, but still I could not
sigh,
For Roman work looks sad when we have bidden Rome
good by;

Prison and castle of the Pope stood close upon the hill,
But of castle and of prison my soul had had its fill —
I knew that blood-stains, old and dark, clung to the inner wall,
And blessed the lovely living bloom of oleanders tall.

Thou pleasant, pleasant courtyard, I make to thee a crown
Of gems, from Murray's casket, then shut the red lid down,
Contented if I still may keep, beneath a sky of blue,
The tender treasure of the day when first my spirit knew
Thy quiet and thy shadow and thy bird-like gossip, all
Enclosed within that sunset wreath of oleanders tall.

Maria Lowell.

THE MASSACRE OF AVIGNON.

ROBESPIERRE reigned in the Place de Grève;
And in distant Avignon his word was doom,
When a band of Royalists, piously brave,
Were marched to the edge of their gaping tomb.
As they went on their way they sang, —
Tender and full the chorus rang, —
A l'heure supréme, Mère chérie,
Ora pro nobis, Sainte Marie!

The maiden young, and the grandsire old,
And the child, whose prayers were shortly told;
And the curé, walking side by side

With the baron, whose name was his only pride;
The noble dame and the serving-maid, —
Neither ashamed nor yet afraid, —
A wonderful sight they were that day,
Singing still as they went their way, —
A l'heure suprême, Mère chérie,
Ora pro nobis, Sainte Marie!

One of their murderers, waiting nigh,
Heard them singing as they went by,
And smiled as he felt the edge of his blade,
At the fulness of music their voices made.
"We 'll stop that melody soon," said he,
"In spite of their calling on Sainte Marie."
But one by one as those voices fell,
The others kept up the chorus well, —
A l'heure suprême, Mère chérie,
Ora pro nobis, Sainte Marie!

When all the victims to death had gone,
And the last sweet music was hushed and done,
When the pit was filled, with no stone to mark,
And the murderers turned through the closing dark,
One of them wiped his sharp knife clean,
Strode over the soil where the grave had been,
And hummed as he went, with an absent air,
Some notes just caught by his memory there, —
A l'heure suprême, Mère chérie,
Ora pro nobis, Sainte Marie!

And when the thought of that day grew dim,
Those obstinate words still clung to him.

He was a man who said no prayers,
But his lips would fashion them unawares;
They mixed with his dreams, and started up
To check the curses bred in his cup;
They wove him round in a viewless net
Of thoughts he could not, though fain, forget,
As he still repeated, again and again,
The ghostly air and the ancient strain, —
A l'heure suprême, Mère chérie,
Ora pro nobis, Sainte Marie!

Thirty years were counted and o'er;
The lilies of France bloomed out once more;
The grapes which hung on the vines were rife,
Like the penitent man on the threshold of life;
When the Angel of Death with healing came
For one who in Lyons had borne no name
But "Le Frère d'Avignon" for many a day;
Who living and dying would hourly say
('T was on his lip as he passed away), —
A l'heure suprême, Mère chérie,
Ora pro nobis, Sainte Marie!

Bessie Rayner Parkes.

THE BELLS OF AVIGNON.

AVIGNON was a joyous city,
A joyous town with many a steeple,
Towers and tourelles, roofs and turrets,
Sheltering a merry people.
In each tower the bells of silver,
Bronze, or iron, swayed so proudly,

Tolling deep and swinging cheerly,
Beating fast and beating loudly.

One! Two! Three! Four! ever sounding;
Two! Four! One! Three! still repeating;
Five! Seven! Six! Eight! hurrying, chasing;
Bim-bom-bing-bang merry beating.
All the day the dancing sextons
Dragged at bell-ropes, rising, falling;
Clanging bells, inquiring, answering,
From the towers were ever calling.

Cardinals, in crimson garments,
Stood and listened to the chiming;
And within his lofty château
Sat the Pope, and beat the timing;
Minstrels, soldiers, monks, and jesters
Laughed to hear the merry clamour,
As above them in the turrets
Music clashed from many a hammer.

Avignon was a joyous city:
Far away across the bridges,
'Mong the vine-slopes, upward lessening,
To the brown cliffs' highest ridges,
Clamoured those sonorous bells;
In the summer's noontide wrangling,
In one silver knot of music
All their chimes together tangling.

Showering music on the people
Round the town-house in the mornings;

Scattering joy and jubilations,
Hope and welcome, wrath and scornings;
Ushering kings, or mourning pontiffs;
Clanging in the times of thunder,
And on nights when conflagrations
Clove the city half asunder.

Nights and nights across the river,
Through the darkness starry-dotted,
Far across the bridge so stately,
Now by lichens blurred and blotted,
Came that floating, mournful music,
As from bands of angels flying,
With the loud blasts of the tempest
Still victoriously vying.

Who could tell why Avignon
All its bells was ever pealing, —
Whether to scare evil spirits,
Still round holy cities stealing?
Yet, perhaps, that ceaseless chiming,
And that pleasant silver beating,
Was but as of children playing,
And their mother's name repeating.

One! Two! Three! the bells went prattling,
With a music so untiring;
One! Two! Three! in merry cadence,
Rolling, crashing, clanging, firing.
Hence it was that in past ages,
When mid war those sounds seemed sweeter,

La Ville Sonnante people called it,
City sacred to Saint Peter.

Years ago! but now all silent,
Lone and sad, the grass-grown city
Has its bell-towers all deserted
By those ringers, — more 's the pity.
Pope and cardinal are vanished,
And no music fills the night air;
Gone the red robes and the sable,
Gone the crosier and the mitre.

Walter Thornbury.

THE WINE OF AVIGNON.

GODS my life, what glorious claret!
Blessed be the ground that bare it!
'T is Avignon. Don't say a flask of it;
Into my soul I pour a cask of it!

Francesco Redi. Tr. Leigh Hunt.

Baréges.

ON RETURNING FROM BARÉGES.

I LEAVE you, ye cold mountain-chains,
Dwelling of warriors stark and frore!
You may these eyes behold no more,
Save on the horizon of our plains.

Vanish, ye frightful, gloomy views!
Ye rocks that mount up to the clouds!
Of skies, enwrapped in misty shrouds,
Impracticable avenues!

Ye torrents, that with might and main
Break pathways through the rocky walls,
With your terrific waterfalls
Fatigue no more my weary brain!

Arise, ye landscapes full of charms;
Arise, ye pictures of delight!
Ye brooks, that water in your flight
The flowers and harvests of our farms!

You I perceive, ye meadows green,
Where the Garonne the lowland fills,
Not far from that long chain of hills,
With intermingled vales between.

Yon wreath of smoke, that mounts so high,
Methinks from my own hearth must come;
With speed, to that beloved home
Fly, ye too lazy coursers, fly!

And bear me thither, where the soul
In quiet may itself possess,
Where all things soothe the mind's distress,
Where all things teach me and console.

Jean-Jacques Lefranc de Pompignan. Tr. Anon.

Besançon.

TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE.

TOUSSAINT! — thou most unhappy man of men!
Whether the whistling rustic tends his plough
Within thy hearing, or thou liest now
Buried in some deep dungeon's earless den:
O miserable chieftain! — where and when
Wilt thou find patience? — Yet die not, do thou
Wear rather in thy bonds a cheerful brow;
Though fallen thyself, never to rise again,
Live and take comfort. Thou hast left behind
Powers that will work for thee; air, earth, and skies, —
There 's not a breathing of the common wind
That will forget thee: thou hast great allies.
Thy friends are exultations, agonies,
And love, and man's unconquerable mind.

William Wordsworth.

TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE.

SLEEP calmly in thy dungeon-tomb,
Beneath Besançon's alien sky,
Dark Haytien! for the time shall come —
Yea, even now is nigh —
When, everywhere, thy name shall be
Redeemed from color's infamy;

And men shall learn to speak of thee
As one of earth's great spirits, born
In servitude, and nursed in scorn,
Casting aside the weary weight
And fetters of its low estate,
In that strong majesty of soul
  Which knows no color, time, or clime, —
Which still hath spurned the base control
  Of tyrants through all time!
Far other hands than mine may wreathe
The laurel round thy brow of death,
And speak thy praise, as one whose word
A thousand fiery spirits stirred, —
Who crushed his foeman as a worm, —
Whose step on human hearts fell firm; —
Be mine the better task to find
A tribute for thy lofty mind,
Amidst whose gloomy vengeance shone
Some milder virtues all thine own, —
Some gleams of feeling pure and warm,
Like sunshine on a sky of storm, —
Proofs that the negro's heart retains
Some nobleness amidst its chains, —
That kindness to the wronged is never
  Without its excellent reward, —
Holy to human-kind, and ever
  Acceptable to God.

John Greenleaf Whittier.

Biscay, the Bay.

THE BAY OF BISCAY O!

LOUD roared the dreadful thunder,
The rain a deluge showers;
The clouds were rent asunder
By lightning's vivid powers!
The night both drear and dark,
Our poor devoted bark,
Till next day, there she lay,
In the Bay of Biscay O!

Now dashed upon the billow,
Her opening timbers creak,
Each fears a watery pillow,
None stops the dreadful leak!
To cling to slippery shrouds,
Each breathless seaman crowds,
As she lay, till the day,
In the Bay of Biscay O!

At length the wished-for morrow
Broke through the hazy sky;
Absorbed in silent sorrow,
Each heaved a bitter sigh!
The dismal wreck to view,
Struck horror to the crew
As she lay, on that day,
In the Bay of Biscay O!

Her yielding timbers sever,
Her pitchy seams are rent,
When Heaven, all bounteous ever,
Its boundless mercy sent;
A sail in sight appears,
We hail her with three cheers,
Now we sail, with the gale,
From the Bay of Biscay O!

Andrew Cherry.

Blaye.

GEOFFRY RUDEL AND MELISANDA OF TRIPOLI.

IN the Château Blay still see we
Tapestry the walls adorning,
Worked by Tripoli's fair countess'
Own fair hands, no labor scorning.

Her whole soul was woven in it,
And with loving tears and tender
Hallowed is the silken picture,
Which the following scene doth render:

How the Countess saw Rudél
Dying on the strand of ocean,
And the ideal in his features
Traced of all her heart's emotion.

For the first and last time also
Living saw Rudél and breathing

Her who in his every vision
Intertwining was and wreathing.

Over him the Countess bends her,
Lovingly his form she raises,
And his deadly-pale mouth kisses,
That so sweetly sang her praises.

Ah! the kiss of welcome likewise
Was the kiss of separation,
And they drained the cup of wildest
Joy and deepest desolation.

In the Château Blay at night-time
Comes a rushing, crackling, shaking;
On the tapestry the figures
Suddenly to life are waking.

Troubadour and lady stretch their
Drowsy, ghostlike members yonder,
And from out the wall advancing,
Up and down the hall they wander.

Whispers fond and gentle toying,
Sad-sweet secrets, heart-enthralling,
Posthumous, gallant, soft speeches,
Minnesingers' times recalling:

"Geoffry! at thy voice's music
Warmth is in my dead heart glowing,
And I feel once more a glimmer
In the long-quenched embers growing!"

"Melisanda! I awaken
Unto happiness and gladness,

When I see thine eyes; dead only
Is my earthly pain and sadness."

"Geoffry! once we loved each other
In our dreams; now, cut asunder
By the hand of death, still love we, —
Amor 't is that wrought this wonder!"

"Melisanda! what are dreams?
What is death? Mere words to scare one!
Truth in love alone e'er find we,
And I love thee, ever fair one!"

"Geoffry! O, how sweet our meetings
In this moonlit chamber nightly,
Now that in the day's bright sunbeams
I no more shall wander lightly."

"Melisanda! Foolish dear one!
Thou art light and sun, thou knowest!
Love and joys of May are budding,
Spring is blooming, where thou goest!"

Thus those tender spectres wander
Up and down, and sweet caresses
Interchange, whilst peeps the moonlight
Through the window's arched recesses.

But at length the rays of morning
Scare away the fond illusion;
To the tapestry retreat they,
On the wall, in shy confusion.

Heinrich Heine. Tr. Edgar Alfred Bowring.

Blois.

TO M. LOUIS BLANC, IN BLOIS.

LEAVE the château behind you, black and strong,
With blood upon its front and all along
The tower eight-sided, where are Gorgon heads
Agape. Pass on, leave tower and town,
Climb the steep hill luxuriantly green,
On whose fresh summit one tall tree alone
Leans, as on shining helmet-top doth lean
A stately plume; a chestnut-tree that spreads
Its arms so far you see it as you come
Dreaming towards it from the antique city's gloom.
The plain below in a blue mist doth lie;
The town like a vast amphitheatre piled
Climbs to the church; the river many-isled
Moves with the sails whose noiseless white wings fly
On the soft wind, and far beyond, Chambord
Shines with its hundred towers. Before
Your thoughts like birds light on the distant spires
And your keen glance admires,
Close at your feet look down upon
An old stone mansion roofed with slate, that white
And square stands at the green hill's base alone,
Holding itself aloof from stranger sight,
But mid the orchard's bloom expanding bright
With joyous freedom. 'T is my father's roof;
Hither he came after the wars to rest,

And many a time my verse has given proof
To you, dear friend, of how I loved him best,
As you, if you had known him, would have loved!
Think there in precious, thankful ecstasy,
Of all who love you, — mother, sister, proved
And kind; and there for love's sake say of me:
"For the dear friend I weep,
Who sees no more his father, fallen asleep;
Who has lost the sacred strength that did defend
With sure protection all his days,
The truest friend,
Best loved always!

"No more august old age with glory crowned,
Nor beautiful white hair by sons caressed,
By little children loved. No trumpet sound
Of warlike stories! He doth calmly rest,
And the son mourns, of life's great pride bereft!"
To the true hearts that loved him naught remains
Of the stern veteran saved from bloody plains,
When war was weary, but an empty tomb
And this the orphaned home,
That white below the hill
Stands emptied of his love, although
It wears a kindly air of welcome still,
As a vase keepeth fast and sweet
The odor of the perfumes gone from it.

Victor Hugo. Tr. Cora Kennedy Aitken.

Bordeaux.

BURDIGALA.

I BLAME my impious silence, that delays,
Midst chiefest cities, to record thy praise,
My birthplace! rivers, vineyards, men, thy fame;
Genius, and manners, and a senate's name.
Was it, that, conscious of a slender town,
I feared to give thee undeserved renown?
Not so I blush; not Rhine's barbaric shore,
Or Hæmus' icy top Ausonius bore:
Burdigala the soil that gave me birth;
Where mild the sky, and rich the watered earth:
Long springs, brief winters, reign; hills wooded rise;
The foaming stream with tides of ocean vies.
Quadrangular the walls; the turrets bear
Their battlements amidst the clouds of air.
Within, the parted streets may wonder raise,
The range of dwellings, and the widening ways.
The gates that front where crossing spaces spread,
And river rushing from its fountain-head;
While, as old Ocean heaves his flowing tide,
The buoyant fleets upon its bosom ride.
Why name the fount, with Parian stone o'erlaid,
Like Euripus' pent frith, with foaming motion swayed?
How dark the shade of depth! how swoln the surge!
With what a rush, within its margent verge,
Poured through twelve mouths the headlong waters burst,

And, unexhausted, quench a people's thirst!
This, Median king! thy numerous camp had blest,
When the deep course of rivers sank deprest:
This wave thy train through cities might have borne,
And left Choaspes' native stream in scorn.

Hail, secret fount! blest, bounteous, flowing still,
Dark, azure, glassy, deep, and clear, and shrill:
Hail, genius of the place! the patient sips
Thy panacean draughts with languid lips:
The name of Divona the Gauls assign,
O heavenly fountain, and indeed divine!
With less salubrious draught in tepid gush
From Aponus the bubbling waters rush;
Less pure with crystal light Nemausus gleams,
Less full Timavus rolls his sea-swoln streams.

Ausonius. Tr. Charles Abraham Elton.

TO THE MEMORY OF EDWARD THE BLACK PRINCE.

O FOR the voice of that wild horn,
On Fontarabian echoes borne,
The dying hero's call,
That told imperial Charlemagne
How Paynim sons of swarthy Spain
Had wrought his champion's fall.

Sad over earth and ocean sounding,
And England's distant cliffs astounding,
Such are the notes should say
How Britain's hope and France's fear,

Victor of Cressy and Poitier,
In Bourdeaux dying lay.

"Raise my faint head, my squires," he said,
"And let the casement be displayed,
That I may see once more
The splendor of the setting sun
Gleam on thy mirrored wave, Garonne,
And Blaye's empurpled shore."

"Like me, he sinks to Glory's sleep,
His fall the dews of evening steep,
As if in sorrow shed;
So soft shall fall the trickling tear,
When England's maids and matrons hear
Of their Black Edward dead.

"And though my sun of glory set,
Nor France nor England shall forget
The terror of my name;
And oft shall Britain's heroes rise,
New planets in these southern skies,
Through clouds of blood and flame."

Sir Walter Scott.

Boulogne.

NAPOLEON AND THE BRITISH SAILOR.

I LOVE contemplating, apart
From all his homicidal glory,
The traits that soften to our heart
Napoleon's story!

'T was when his banners at Boulogne
Armed in our island every freeman,
His navy chanced to capture one
Poor British seaman.

They suffered him — I know not how —
Unprisoned on the shore to roam;
And aye was bent his longing brow
On England's home.

His eye, methinks, pursued the flight
Of birds to Britain half-way over
With envy, they could reach the white
Dear cliffs of Dover.

A stormy midnight watch, he thought,
Than this sojourn would have been dearer,
If but the storm his vessel brought
To England nearer.

At last, when care had banished sleep,
He saw one morning, dreaming, doating,

An empty hogshead from the deep
Come shoreward floating.

He hid it in a cave, and wrought
The livelong day laborious; lurking
Until he launched a tiny boat
By mighty working.

Heaven help us! 't was a thing beyond
Description wretched; such a wherry
Perhaps ne'er ventured on a pond
Or crossed a ferry.

For ploughing in the salt sea-field,
It would have made the boldest shudder;
Untarred, uncompassed, and unkeeled,
No sail, no rudder.

From neighboring woods he interlaced
His sorry skiff with wattled willows;
And thus equipped he would have passed
The foaming billows;

But Frenchmen caught him on the beach,
His little Argo sorely jeering;
Till tidings of him chanced to reach
Napoleon's hearing.

With folded arms Napoleon stood,
Serene alike in peace and danger;
And in his wonted attitude,
Addressed the stranger: —

"Rash man that wouldst yon channel pass
On twigs and staves so rudely fashioned,
Thy heart with some sweet British lass
Must be impassioned."

"I have no sweetheart," said the lad;
"But, absent long from one another,
Great was the longing that I had
To see my mother."

"And so thou shalt," Napoleon said;
"Ye 've both my favor fairly won;
A noble mother must have bred
So brave a son."

He gave the tar a piece of gold,
And with a flag of truce commanded
He should be shipped to England Old,
And safely landed.

Our sailor oft could scantly shift
To find a dinner plain and hearty;
But never changed the coin and gift
Of Bonaparte.

Thomas Campbell.

Boncourt.

CHÂTEAU BONCOURT.

A DREAM wafts me back to childhood,
And I shake my hoary head.
How ye crowd on my soul, ye visions
I thought were forever fled!

There glistens o'er dusky foliage
A lordly pile elate;
I know those towers and turrets,
The bridges, the massive gate.

Welcoming, kindly faces
The armorial lions show;
I greet each old acquaintance
As in through the arch I go.

There lies the Sphinx at the fountain;
There darkly the fig-tree gleams;
'T was yonder, behind those windows,
I was rapt in my earliest dreams.

I enter the chapel, and look for
My ancestor's hallowed grave;
'T is here, and on yonder pillar
Is hanging his antique glaive.

I try to decipher the legend,
But a mist is upon my eyes,

Though the light from the painted window
Full on the marble lies.

Home of my fathers, how plainly
Thou standest before me now!
Yet thou from the earth art vanished,
And over thee goes the plough.

Fruitful, dear earth, be thou ever;
My fondest blessings on thee!
And a double blessing go with him
That ploughs thee, whoe'er he be.

For me, to my destiny yielding,
I will go with my harp in my hand,
And wander the wide world over,
Singing from land to land.

Ludolf Adalbert von Chamisso. Tr. Anon.

Bourg-la-Reine.

BOURG-LA-REINE.

THROUGH these close-cut alleys
Paced Gabrielle;
At her side, in royal pride,
Henri bon et bel.
Ah! my love across the sea,
Dost thou love me as well?

On such an autumn night,
Long years ago,
Fell the shadows on the meadows
Of the old château;
All along the gabled roof
The moonlight lay like snow.

Trembling with a world
Of hope and fears,
She would wait by this old gate
Watching through her tears,
While he rode from Paris streets,
Unguarded by his peers.

He, as he came riding on,
Knew full well
Where she stood outside this wood;
Many a song doth tell
How she loved this knightly king,
La charmante Gabrielle!

Clash and clang of swords
Soon dies away;
Shrined apart in a people's heart
Love lives alway;
France will not forget this name,
Gabrielle d'Estrées!

Bessie Rayner Parkes.

CHARMING GABRIELLE.

MY charming Gabrielle!
My heart is pierced with woe,
When glory sounds her knell,
And forth to war I go.
Parting, perchance our last!
Day, marked unblest to prove!
O that my life were past,
Or else my hapless love.

Bright star, whose light I lose,—
O, fatal memory!
My grief each thought renews!—
We meet again, or die!
Parting, etc.

O, share and bless the crown
By valor given to me!
War made the prize my own,
My love awards it thee!
Parting, etc.

Let all my trumpets swell,
And every echo round
The words of my farewell
Repeat with mournful sound!
Parting, etc.

Henri IV. Tr. Louisa Stuart Costello.

Brienne.

THE SCHOOL-BOY KING.

A SCENE AT BRIENNE.

LE PÈRE PETRAULT shut Virgil up
  Just as the clock struck ten:
"This little Bonaparte," he said,
  "Is one of Plutarch's men.
To see him with his massive head,
  Gripped mouth, and swelling brow,
Wrestle with Euclid, — there he sat
  Not half an hour from now."

The good old pedagogue his book
  Put slowly in its place:
"That Corsican," he said, "has eyes
  Like burning-glasses; race
Italian, as his mother said;
  Barred up from friend and foe,
He toils all night, inflexible,
  Forging it blow by blow.

"I know his trick of thought, the way
  He covers up his mouth:
One hand like this, the other clenched, —
  Those eyes of the hot South.
The little Cæsar, how he strides,
  Sleep-walking in the sun,

Only awaking at the roar
Of the meridian gun.

"I watched him underneath my book
That day he sprung the mine,
For when the earth-wall rocked and reeled,
His eyes were all a-shine;
And when it slowly toppled down,
He leaped up on the heap
With fiery haste, — just as a wolf
Would spring upon a sheep.

"Pichegru, Napoleon's monitor,
Tells me he 's dull and calm,
Tenacious, firm, submissive, — yes,
Our chain is on his arm.
Volcanic natures, such as his,
I dread; — may God direct
This boy to good, the evil quell,
His better will direct.

"Here is his Euclid book, — the ink
Still wet upon the rings;
These are the talismans some day
He 'll use to fetter kings.
To train a genius like this lad
I 've prayed for years, — for years;
But now I know not whether hopes
Are not half choked by fears.

"Last Monday, when they built that fort
With bastions of snow,

The ditch and spur and ravelin,
And terraced row on row,
'T was Bonaparte who cut the trench,
Who shaped the line of sap, —
A year or two, and he will be
First in war's bloody gap.

"I see him now upon the hill,
His hands behind his back,
Waving the tricolor that led
The vanguard of attack;
And there, upon the trampled earth,
The ruins of the fort,
This Bonaparte, the school-boy king,
Held his victorious court.

"To see him give the shouting crowd
His little hand to kiss,
You 'd think him never meant by God
For any lot but this.
And then with loud exulting cheers,
Upon their shoulders borne,
He rode with buried Cæsar's pride
And Alexander's scorn.

"Ah! I remember, too, the day
The fire-balloon went up;
It burnt away into a star
Ere I went off to sup;
But he stood weeping there alone
Until the dark night came,

To think he had not wings to fly
And catch the passing flame.

"O, he is meant for mighty things,
This leader of my class; —
But there 's the bell that rings for me,
So let the matter pass.
You see that third-floor window lit,
The blind drawn half-way down;
That 's Bonaparte's, — he 's at it now, —
It makes the dunces frown."

Walter Thornbury.

Brittany.

ADIEU TO BRITTANY.

RUGGED land of the granite and oak,
I depart with a sigh from thy shore,
And with kinsman's affection a blessing invoke
On the maids and the men of Arvôr.

For the Irish and Breton are kin,
Though the lights of antiquity pale
In the point of the dawn where the partings begin
Of the Bolg and the Kymro and Gael.

But, though dim in the distance of time
Be the low-burning beacons of fame,
Holy Nature attests us, in writing sublime
On heart and on visage, the same.

In the dark-eye-lashed eye of blue-gray,
In the open look, modest and kind,
In the face's fine oval reflecting the play
Of the sensitive, generous mind;

Till, as oft as by meadow and stream
With thy Maries and Josephs I roam,
In companionship gentle and friendly I seem,
As with Patrick and Brigid at home.

Green, meadow-fresh, streamy-bright land!
Though greener meads, valleys as fair,
Be at home, yet the home-yearning heart will demand,
Are they blest as in Brittany there?

Demand not, — repining is vain;
Yet would God that even as thou
In thy homeliest homesteads, contented Bretagne,
Were the green isle my thoughts are with now!

But I call thee not golden: let gold
Deck the coronal troubadours twine,
Where the waves of the Loire and Garomna are rolled
Through the land of the white wheat and vine,

And the fire of the Frenchman goes up
To the quick-thoughted, dark-flashing eye;
While Glory and Change, quaffing Luxury's cup,
Challenge all things below and on high.

Leave to him — to the vehement man
Of the Loire, of the Seine, of the Rhone —

In the Idea's high pathways to march in the van,
To o'erthrow, and set up the o'erthrown;

Be it thine in the broad beaten ways
That the world's simple seniors have trod,
To walk with soft steps, living peaceable days,
And on earth not forgetful of God.

Nor repine that thy lot has been cast
With the things of the old time before,
For to thee are committed the keys of the past,
O gray monumental Arvôr.

Yes, land of the great Standing Stones,
It is thine at thy feet to survey,
From thy earlier shepherd-kings' sepulchre-thrones,
The giant, far-stretching array;

Where, abroad o'er the gorse-covered lande,
Where, along by the slow-breaking wave,
The hoary, inscrutable sentinels stand
In their night-watch by History's grave.

Preserve them, nor fear for thy charge;
From the prime of the morning they sprung,
When the works of young Mankind were lasting and large,
As the will they embodied was young.

I have stood on Old Sarum;[1] the sun,
With a pensive regard from the west,

[1] *Sorbiodunum*, i.e. Service-tree-fort.

Lit the beech-tops low down in the ditch of the Dun,
Lit the service-trees high on its crest:

But the walls of the Roman were shrunk
Into morsels of ruin around,
And palace of monarch and minster of monk
Were effaced from the grassy-fossed ground.

Like bubbles in ocean, they melt,
O Wilts, on thy long-rolling plain,
And at last but the works of the hand of the Celt
And the sweet hand of Nature remain.

Even so: though, portentous and strange,
With a rumor of troublesome sounds,
On his iron way gliding, the Angel of Change
Spread his dusky wings wide o'er thy bounds,

He will pass; there 'll be grass on his track,
And the pick of the miner in vain
Shall search the dark void; while the stones of Carnac
And the word of the Breton remain.

Farewell; up the waves of the Rance,
See, we stream back our pennon of smoke:
Farewell, russet skirt of the fine robe of France,
Rugged land of the granite and oak!

Samuel Ferguson.

Brou.

THE CHURCH OF BROU.

I.

THE CASTLE.

DOWN the Savoy valleys sounding,
Echoing round this castle old,
Mid the distant mountain chalets,
Hark! what bell for church is tolled?

In the bright October morning
Savoy's Duke had left his bride,
From the castle, past the drawbridge,
Flowed the hunters' merry tide.

Steeds are neighing, gallants glittering;
Gay, her smiling lord to greet,
From her mullioned chamber casement
Smiles the Duchess Marguerite.

From Vienna, by the Danube,
Here she came, a bride, in spring.
Now the autumn crisps the forest;
Hunters gather, bugles ring.

Hounds are pulling, prickers swearing,
Horses fret, and boar-spears glance;

Off! they sweep the marshy forests,
Westward, on the side of France.

Hark! the game 's on foot; they scatter; —
Down the forest ridings lone,
Furious, single horsemen gallop.
Hark! a shout, — a crash, — a groan!

Pale and breathless came the hunters;
On the turf dead lies the boar:
God! the Duke lies stretched beside him, —
Senseless, weltering in his gore.

In the dull October evening,
Down the leaf-strewn forest road,
To the castle, past the drawbridge,
Came the hunters with their load.

In the hall, with sconces blazing,
Ladies waiting round her seat,
Clothed in smiles, beneath the dais
Sate the Duchess Marguerite.

Hark! below the gates unbarring!
Tramp of men and quick commands!
"'T is my lord come back from hunting,"
And the Duchess claps her hands.

Slow and tired came the hunters,
Stopped in darkness in the court;
"Ho, this way, ye laggard hunters!
To the hall! what sport, what sport?"

Slow they entered with their master;
In the hall they laid him down.
On his coat were leaves and blood-stains;
On his brow an angry frown.

Dead, her princely youthful husband
Lay before his youthful wife;
Bloody, 'neath the flaring sconces:
And the sight froze all her life.

In Vienna, by the Danube,
Kings hold revel, gallants meet;
Gay of old amid the gayest
Was the Duchess Marguerite.

In Vienna, by the Danube,
Feast and dance her youth beguiled;
Till that hour she never sorrowed;
But from then she never smiled.

Mid the Savoy mountain valleys,
Far from town or haunt of man,
Stands a lonely church, unfinished,
Which the Duchess Maud began:

Old, that Duchess stern began it,
In gray age, with palsied hands;
But she died as it was building,
And the church unfinished stands;

Stands as erst the builders left it,
When she sunk into her grave.

Mountain greensward paves the chancel,
Harebells flower in the nave.

"In my castle all is sorrow,"
Said the Duchess Marguerite then;
"Guide me, vassals, to the mountains!
We will build the church again."

Sandalled palmers, faring homeward,
Austrian knights from Syria came;
"Austrian wanderers bring, O warders,
Homage to your Austrian dame."

From the gate the warders answered:
"Gone, O knights, is she you knew;
Dead our Duke, and gone his Duchess;
Seek her at the Church of Brou."

Austrian knights and march-worn palmers
Climb the winding mountain way,
Reach the valley, where the fabric
Rises higher day by day.

Stones are sawing, hammers ringing;
On the work the bright sun shines:
In the Savoy mountain meadows,
By the stream, below the pines.

On her palfrey white the Duchess
Sate and watched her working train;
Flemish carvers, Lombard gilders,
German masons, smiths from Spain.

Clad in black, on her white palfrey;
Her old architect beside, —
There they found her in the mountains,
Morn and noon and eventide.

There she sate, and watched the builders,
Till the church was roofed and done;
Last of all the builders reared her
In the nave a tomb of stone.

On the tomb two forms they sculptured
Lifelike in the marble pale;
One, the Duke in helm and armor;
One, the Duchess in her veil.

Round the tomb the carved stone fretwork
Was at Eastertide put on;
Then the Duchess closed her labors;
And she died at the St. John.

II.

THE CHURCH.

Upon the glistening leaden roof
Of the new pile the sunlight shines,
The stream goes leaping by.
The hills are clothed with pines sun-proof;
Mid bright green fields, below the pines,
Stands the church on high.

What church is this, from men aloof?
'T is the Church of Brou.

At sunrise, from their dewy lair
Crossing the stream, the kine are seen
Round the wall to stray;
The churchyard wall that clips the square
Of shaven hill-sward trim and green
Where last year they lay.
But all things now are ordered fair
Round the Church of Brou.

On Sundays, at the matin chime,
The Alpine peasants, two and three,
Climb up here to pray.
Burghers and dames, at summer's prime,
Ride out to church from Chambery,
Dight with mantles gay.
But else it is a lonely time
Round the Church of Brou.

On Sundays, too, a priest doth come
From the walled town beyond the pass,
Down the mountain way;
And then you hear the organ's hum,
You hear the white-robed priest say mass,
And the people pray.
But else the woods and fields are dumb
Round the Church of Brou.

And after church, when mass is done,
The people to the nave repair

Round the tomb to stray,
And marvel at the forms of stone,
And praise the chiselled broideries rare;
Then they drop away.
The princely pair are left alone
In the Church of Brou.

III.

THE TOMB.

So rest, forever rest, O princely pair!
In your high church, mid the still mountain air,
Where horn and hound and vassals never come.
Only the blessed saints are smiling dumb
From the rich painted windows of the nave
On aisle and transept and your marble grave;
Where thou, young Prince, shalt nevermore arise
From the fringed mattress where thy Duchess lies,
On autumn mornings, when the bugle sounds,
And ride across the drawbridge with thy hounds
To hunt the boar in the crisp woods till eve.
And thou, O Princess, shalt no more receive,
Thou and thy ladies, in the hall of state,
The jaded hunters, with their bloody freight,
Coming benighted to the castle gate.
So sleep, forever sleep, O marble pair!
And if ye wake, let it be then, when fair
On the carved western front a flood of light
Streams from the setting sun, and colors bright

Prophets, transfigured saints, and martyrs brave,
In the vast western window of the nave;
And on the pavement round the tomb there glints
A checker-work of glowing sapphire tints,
And amethyst, and ruby; — then unclose
Your eyelids on the stone where ye repose,
And from your broidered pillows lift your heads,
And rise upon your cold white marble beds,
And looking down on the warm rosy tints
That checker, at your feet, the illumined flints,
Say, "What is this? we are in bliss, — forgiven, —
Behold the pavement of the courts of Heaven!" —
Or let it be on autumn nights, when rain
Doth rustlingly above your heads complain
On the smooth leaden roof, and on the walls
Shedding her pensive light at intervals
The moon through the clere-story windows shines,
And the wind washes in the mountain pines.
Then, gazing up through the dim pillars high,
The foliaged marble forest where ye lie,
"Hush," ye will say, "it is eternity.
This is the glimmering verge of heaven, and these
The columns of the heavenly palaces."
And in the sweeping of the wind your ear
The passage of the angels' wings will hear,
And on the lichen-crusted leads above
The rustle of the eternal rain of love.

Matthew Arnold.

Caen.

BURIAL OF WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR.

AT CAEN, IN NORMANDY, 1087.

"At the day appointed for the king's interment, Prince Henry, his third son, the Norman prelates, and a multitude of clergy and people, assembled in the Church of St. Stephen, which the Conqueror had founded. The mass had been performed, the corpse was placed on the bier, and the Bishop of Evreux had pronounced the panegyric on the deceased, when a voice from the crowd exclaimed: 'He whom you have praised was a robber. The very land on which you stand is mine. By violence he took it from my father; and in the name of God, I forbid you to bury him in it.' The speaker was Asceline Fitz-Arthur, who had often, but fruitlessly, sought reparation from the justice of William. After some debate, the prelates called him to them, paid him sixty shillings for the grave, and promised that he should receive the full value of his land. The ceremony was then continued, and the body of the king deposited in a coffin of stone." — Lingard, Vol. II. p. 98.

LOWLY upon his bier
The royal conqueror lay;
Baron and chief stood near,
Silent in war array.
Down the long minster's aisle
Crowds mutely gazing streamed;
Altar and tomb the while
Through mists of incense gleamed.

And, by the torches' blaze,
The stately priest had said
High words of power and praise
To the glory of the dead.

They lowered him, with the sound
Of requiems, to repose;
When from the throngs around
A solemn voice arose: —

"Forbear! forbear!" it cried;
"In the holiest Name, forbear!
He hath conquered regions wide,
But he shall not slumber there!
By the violated hearth
Which made way for yon proud shrine;
By the harvests which this earth
Hath borne for me and mine;

"By the house e'en here o'erthrown
On my brethren's native spot, —
Hence! with his dark renown
Cumber our birthplace not!
Will my sire's unransomed field,
O'er which your censers wave,
To the buried spoiler yield
Soft slumber in the grave?

"The tree before him fell
Which we cherished many a year,
But its deep root yet shall swell
And heave against his bier.
The land that I have tilled
Hath yet its brooding breast
With my home's white ashes filled,
And it shall not give him rest.

"Here each proud columns' bed
Hath been wet by weeping eyes, —
Hence! and bestow your dead
Where no wrong against him cries!"
Shame glowed on each dark face
Of those proud and steel-girt men,
And they bought with gold a place
For their leader's dust, e'en then.

A little earth for him
Whose banner flew so far!
And a peasant's tale could dim
The name, a nation's star!
One deep voice thus arose
From a heart which wrongs had riven, —
O, who shall number those
That were but heard in heaven?

Felicia Hemans.

Calais.

CALAIS.

EDWARD was fired with wrath.
"Bring forth," he said,
"The hostages, and let their death instruct
This contumacious city."
Forth they came,
The rope about their necks, those patriot men,

Who nobly chose an ignominious doom
To save their country's blood. Famine and toil
And the long siege had worn them to the bone;
Yet from their eye spoke that heroic soul
Which scorns the body's ill. Father and son
Stood side by side, and youthful forms were there,
By kindred linked, for whom the sky of life
Was bright with love. Yet no repining sigh
Darkened their hour of fate. Well had they taxed
The midnight thought, and nerved the wearied arm,
While months and seasons thinned their wasting ranks.
The harvest failed, the joy of vintage ceased; —
Vine-dresser and grape-gatherer manned the walls,
And when they sank with hunger, others came,
Of cheek more pale, perchance, but strong at heart.
Yet still those spectres poured their arrow-flight,
Or hurled the deadly stone, while at the gates
The conqueror of Cressy sued in vain.
"Lead them to die!" he bade.
In nobler hearts
There was a throb of pity for the foe
So fallen and so unblenching; yet none dared
Meet that fierce temper with the word, Forgive!

Who comes with hasty step, and flowing robe,
And hair so slightly bound? The Queen! the Queen!
An earnest pity on her lifted brow,
Tears in her azure eye, like drops of light.
What seeks she with such fervid eloquence?
Life for the lost! And ever as she fears
Her suit in vain, more wildly heaves her breast,

In secrecy of prayer, to save her lord
From cruelty so dire, and from the pangs
Of late remorse. At first, the strong resolve
Curled on his lip, and raised his haughty head,
While every firm-set muscle prouder swelled
To iron rigor. Then his flashing eye
Rested upon her, till its softened glance
Confessed contagion from her tenderness,
As with a manly and chivalrous grace
The boon he gave.

O woman! ever seek
A victory like this; with heavenly warmth
Still melt the icy purpose, still preserve
From error's path the heart that thou dost fold
Close in thine own pure love. Yes, ever be
The advocate of mercy, and the friend
Of those whom all forsake; so may thy prayer
In thine adversity be heard of Him,
Who multiplies to pardon.

Still we thought
Of thee, Philippa, and thy fervent tone
Of intercession, and the cry of joy,
Which was its echo from the breaking heart,
In many a mournful home. Of thee we thought,
With blessings on thy goodness, as we came
All chill and dripping from the salt sea wave,
Within the gates of Calais, soon to wend
Our onward course.

The vales of France were green,
As if the soul of summer lingered there,
Yet the crisp vine-leaf told an autumn tale,

While the brown windmills spread their flying arms
To every fickle breeze. The singing-girl
Awoke her light guitar, and featly danced
To her own madrigals; but the low hut
Of the poor peasant seemed all comfortless,
And his harsh-featured wife, made swarth by toils
Unfeminine, with no domestic smile
Cheered her sad children, plunging their dark feet
Deep in the miry soil.

At intervals
Widely disjoined, where clustering roofs arose,
The cry of shrill mendicity was up,
And at each window of our vehicle,
Hand, hat, and basket thrust, and the wild eye
Of clamorous children, eager for a coin,
Assailed our every pause. At first, the pang
Of pity moved us, and we vainly wished
For wealth to fill each meagre hand with gold;
But, oft besought, suspicion steeled the heart,
And 'neath the guise of poverty we deemed
Vice or deception lurked. So on we passed,
Save when an alms some white-haired form implored,
Bowed down with age, or some pale, pining babe,
Froze into silence by its misery,
Clung to the sickly mother. On we passed,
In homely diligence, like cumbrous house,
Tripartite and well peopled, its lean steeds
Rope-harnessed and grotesque, while the full moon
Silvered our weary caravan, that wrought
Unresting, night and day, until the towers
Of fair St. Denis, where the garnered dust

Of many a race of Gallic monarchs sleeps,
Gleamed through the misty morning, and we gained
The gates of Paris.

Lydia Huntley Sigourney.

FISH-WOMEN.

ON LANDING AT CALAIS.

'TIS said, fantastic ocean doth enfold
The likeness of whate'er on land is seen;
But if the Nereid sisters and their queen,
Above whose heads the tide so long hath rolled,
The dames resemble whom we here behold,
How fearful were it down through opening waves
To sink, and meet them in their fretted caves,
Withered, grotesque, immeasurably old,
And shrill and fierce in accent! Fear it not:
For they earth's fairest daughters do excel;
Pure, undecaying beauty is their lot;
Their voices into liquid music swell,
Thrilling each pearly cleft and sparry grot,
The undisturbed abodes where sea-nymphs dwell!

William Wordsworth.

CALAIS SANDS.

A THOUSAND knights have reined their steeds
To watch this line of sand-hills run,
Along the never silent Strait,
To Calais glittering in the sun;

To look toward Ardres' golden field
Across this wide aerial plain,
Which glows as if the Middle Age
Were gorgeous upon earth again.

O that, to share this famous scene,
I saw, upon the open sand,
Thy lovely presence at my side,
Thy shawl, thy look, thy smile, thy hand!

How exquisite thy voice would come,
My darling, on this lonely air!
How sweetly would the fresh sea-breeze
Shake loose some lock of soft brown hair!

But now my glance but once hath roved
O'er Calais and its famous plain;
To England's cliffs my gaze is turned,
O'er the blue Strait mine eyes I strain.

Thou comest! Yes, the vessel's cloud
Hangs dark upon the rolling sea!
O that yon sea-bird's wings were mine,
To win one instant's glimpse of thee!

I must not spring to grasp thy hand,
To woo thy smile, to seek thine eye;
But I may stand far off, and gaze,
And watch thee pass unconscious by,

And spell thy looks, and guess thy thoughts,
Mixed with the idlers on the pier. —

Ah, might I always rest unseen,
So I might have thee always near!

To-morrow hurry through the fields
Of Flanders to the storied Rhine!
To-night those soft-fringed eyes shall close
Beneath one roof, my queen! with mine.

Matthew Arnold.

Camargue.

CAMARGUE.

CAMARGUE is a vast delta, formed by the bifurcation of the Rhone. The island extends from Arles to the sea, and comprises 184,482¼ acres. The immensity of its horizon, the awful silence of its level plain, its strange vegetation, meres, swarms of mosquitoes, large herds of oxen and wild horses, amaze the traveller, and remind him of the pampas of South America.

SOON to the farm came suitor number two,
A keeper of wild horses from Sambu,—
Veran, by name. About his island home
In the great prairies, where the asters bloom,
He used to keep a hundred milk-white steeds,
Who nipped the heads of all the lofty reeds.

A hundred steeds! Their long manes flowing free
As the foam-crested billows of the sea!
Wavy and thick and all unshorn were they;
And when the horses on their headlong way

Plunged all together, their dishevelled hair
Seemed the white robes of creatures of the air.

I say it to the shame of human kind:
Camargan steeds were never known to mind
The cruel spur more than the coaxing hand.
Only a few or so, I understand,
By treachery seduced, have halter worn,
And from their own salt prairies been borne;

Yet the day comes when, with a vicious start,
Their riders throwing, suddenly they part,
And twenty leagues of land unresting scour,
Snuffing the wind, till Vacarès once more
They find, the salt air breathe, and joy to be
In freedom after ten years' slavery.

For these wild steeds are with the sea at home:
Have they not still the color of the foam?
Perchance they brake from old King Neptune's car;
For when the sea turns dark and moans afar,
And the ships part their cables in the bay,
The stallions of Camargue rejoicing neigh,

Their sweeping tails like whipcord snapping loudly;
Or pawing the earth, all, fiercely and proudly,
As though their flanks were stung as with a rod
By the sharp trident of the angry god,
Who makes the rain a deluge, and the ocean
Stirs to its depths in uttermost commotion.

Frédéric Mistral. Tr. Harriet W. Preston.

PETITE CAMARGUE.

PETITE CAMARGUE, also called Sóuvage, is bounded on the east by the Petit Rhone, which separates it from Grande Camargue, on the south by the Mediterranean, and on the west and north by the Rhone Mort and the Aigue Morte Canal. It is the principal resort of the wild black oxen.

ALSO that summer came to Lotus Place
One from Petite Camargue, called Ourrias.
Breaker and brander of wild cattle he;
And black and furious all the cattle be
Over those briny pastures wild who run,
Maddened by flood and fog and scalding sun.

Alone this Ourrias had them all in charge
Summer and winter, where they roamed at large.
And so, among the cattle born and grown,
Their build, their cruel heart, became his own;
His the wild eye, dark color, dogged look.
How often, throwing off his coat, he took

His cudgel, — savage weaner! — never blenching,
And first the young calves from the udders wrenching,
Upon the wrathful mother fell so madly
That cudgel after cudgel brake he gladly,
Till she, by his brute fury masteréd,
Wild-eyed and lowing to the pine-copse fled!

Oft in the branding at Camargue had he
Oxen and heifers, two-year-olds and three,
Seized by the horns and stretched upon the ground.

His forehead bare the scar of an old wound
Fiery and forked like lightning. It was said
That once the green plain with his blood was red.

On a great branding-day befell this thing:
To aid the mighty herd in mustering,
Li Santo, Agui Morto, Albaron,
And Faraman a hundred horsemen strong
Had sent into the desert. And the herd
Roused from its briny lairs, and, forward spurred

By tridents of the branders close behind,
Fell on the land like a destroying wind.
Heifers and bulls in headlong gallop borne
Plunged, crushing centaury and salicorne;
And at the branding-booth at last they mustered,
Just where a crowd three hundred strong had clustered.

A moment, as if scared, the beasts were still.
Then, when the cruel spur once more they feel,
They start afresh, into a run they break,
And thrice the circuit of the arena make;
As marterns fly a dog, or hawks afar
By eagles in the Luberon hunted are.

Then Ourrias — what ne'er was done before —
Leaped from his horse beside the circus-door
Amid the crowd. The cattle start again,
All saving five young bulls, and scour the plain;
But these, with flaming eyes and horns defying
Heaven itself, are through the arena flying.

And he pursues them. As a mighty wind
Drives on the clouds, he goads them from behind,
And presently outstrips them in the race;
Then thumps them with the cruel goad he sways,
Dances before them as infuriate,
And lets them feel his own fists' heavy weight.

The people clap and shout, while Ourrias
White with Olympic dust encountered has
One bull, and seized him by the horns at length;
And now 't is head to muzzle, strength for strength.
The monster strains his prisoned horns to free
Until he bleeds, and bellows horribly.

But vain his fury, useless all his trouble!
The neatherd had the art to turn and double
And force the huge head with his shoulder round,
And shove it roughly back, till on the ground
Christian and beast together rolled, and made
A formless heap like some huge barricade.

The tamarisks are shaken by the cry
Of "Brave Ourrias! That 's done valiantly!"
While five stout youths the bull pin to the sward;
And Ourrias, his triumph to record,
Seizes the red-hot iron with eager hand,
The vanquished monster on the hip to brand.

Then come a troop of girls on milk-white ponies, —
Arlesians, — flushed and panting every one is,
As o'er the arena at full gallop borne

They offer him a noble drinking-horn
Brimful of wine; then turn and disappear,
Each followed by her faithful cavalier.

The hero heeds them not. His mind is set
On the four monsters to be branded yet:
The mower toils the harder for the grass
He sees unmown. And so this Ourrias
Fought the more savagely as his foes warmed,
And conquered in the end, — but not unharmed.

White-spotted, and with horns magnificent,
The fourth beast grazed the green in all content.
"Now, man, enough!" in vain the neatherds shouted;
Couched is the trident and the caution flouted;
With perspiration streaming, bosom bare,
Ourrias the spotted bull charged then and there!

He meets his enemy, a blow delivers
Full in the face; but ah! the trident shivers.
The beast becomes a demon with the wound:
The brander grasps his horns, is whirled around, —
They start together, and are borne amain,
Crushing the salicornes along the plain.

The mounted herdsmen, on their long goads leaning,
Regard the mortal fray; for each is meaning
Dire vengeance now. The man the brute would crush;

The brute bears off the man with furious rush,
The while with heavy, frothy tongue he clears
The blood that to his hanging lip adheres.

The brute prevailed. The man fell dazed, and lay
Like a vile rakeful in the monster's way.
"Sham dead!" went up a cry of agony.
Vain words! The beast his victim lifted high
On cruel horns and savage head inclined,
And flung him six and forty feet behind!

Once more a deafening outcry filled the place
And shook the tamarisks. But Ourrias
Fell prone to earth, and ever after wore he
The ugly scar that marred his brow so sorely.
Now, mounted on his mare, he paces slow
With goad erect to seek Mirèio.

Frédéric Mistral. Tr. Harriet W. Preston.

Cannes.

RACHEL.

UNTO a lonely villa, in a dell
Above the fragrant, warm Provençal shore,
The dying Rachel in a chair they bore
Up the steep pine-plumed paths of the Estrelle,
And laid her in a stately room, where fell
The shadow of a marble Muse of yore, —
The rose-crowned queen of legendary lore,
Polymnia, — full on her death-bed. 'T was well!
The fret and misery of our northern towns,
In this, her life's last day, our poor, our pain,
Our jangle of false wits, our climate's frowns,

Do for this radiant Greek-souled artist cease;
Sole object of her dying eyes remain
The beauty and the glorious art of Greece.

Matthew Arnold.

NEAR CANNES.

HERE little birds fly low and fold
Their wings to stillness in the shade
Of lines of willow-trees, that hold
Sweet secrets in them unbetrayed;

Though sometimes in a dream of sound,
Half music and half sun, we hear
Ripples of water touch the ground,
And smell the lilies bending near.

Upon the fields the wanton sun
Lies with his yellow locks between
The poppy blooms that one by one
Steal blushing to him through the green.

And tenderest forget-me-nots
That e'er a lover honored yet
With glance made sweet by sweetest thoughts
Are softly in the grasses set.

And yonder by the gleaming road
Whose white feet pass the meadows by,
Mute in an awe-struck dream of God,
The poplars look up to the sky.

Cora Kennedy Aitken.

Carcassonne.

CARCASSONNE.

"HOW old I am! I 'm eighty years!
I 've worked both hard and long,
Yet patient as my life has been,
One dearest sight I have not seen, —
It almost seems a wrong;
A dream I had when life was new.
Alas, our dreams! they come not true:
I thought to see fair Carcassonne, —
That lovely city, — Carcassonne!

"One sees it dimly from the height
Beyond the mountains blue,
Fain would I walk five weary leagues, —
I do not mind the road's fatigues, —
Through morn and evening's dew.
But bitter frosts would fall at night,
And on the grapes, — that yellow blight!
I could not go to Carcassonne,
I never went to Carcassonne.

"They say it is as gay all times
As holidays at home!
The gentles ride in gay attire,
And in the sun each gilded spire
Shoots up like those of Rome!

The Bishop the procession leads,
The generals curb their prancing steeds.
Alas! I know not Carcassonne,—
Alas! I saw not Carcassonne!

"Our Vicar 's right! he preaches loud,
And bids us to beware;
He says, 'O, guard the weakest part,
And most the traitor in the heart
Against Ambition's snare!'
Perhaps in autumn I can find
Two sunny days with gentle wind,
I then could go to Carcassonne,
I still could go to Carcassonne!

"My God and Father! pardon me
If this my wish offends!
One sees some hope, more high than he,
In age, as in his infancy,
To which his heart ascends!
My wife, my son, have seen Narbonne,
My grandson went to Perpignan;
But I have not seen Carcassonne,—
But I have not seen Carcassonne."

Thus sighed a peasant bent with age,
Half dreaming in his chair;
I said, "My friend, come go with me
To-morrow; then thine eyes shall see
Those streets that seem so fair."
That night there came for passing soul

The church-bell's low and solemn toll.
He never saw gay Carcassonne.
Who has not known a Carcassonne?

Gustave Nadaud. Tr. M. E. W. Sherwood.

Carennac.

THE LITTLE ABBEY OF CARENNAC.

HERE, in God's house of the open dome,
Vigil is kept by the pilgrim-breeze;
Here, from its sun-illumined tome,
Labor intones its litanies.
For discipline, here is the chastening rain;
For burden, the fruit of the bending tree;
The thorn of the rose for a pleasant pain;
And palm for a costless victory.
O, if my vow but bound to these,
'T were long ere this laggard step grew slack.
O that the wilful world would please
To leave me my flocks, my birds and bees,
My ivied stall and my hours of ease,
And my little abbey of Carennac!

Far from the city's guarded gate,
Free from the crush of its silken crowds,
I see the sun in his purple state,
And the changing face of the courtier-clouds.

My thoughts are mine when my task is sped;
My head aches not, and my heart is full;
And the laurels that cumber my careless tread
Are the only ones that I choose to pull.
Away from my friends, I love them best;
Away from my books, no lore I lack:
Here, no longer a flying guest,
With wavering foot that finds no rest,
Truth comes home to this lonely breast
In this little abbey of Carennac.

Thus, half hid from the smile of Spring
Under the bough of a blossomed tree,
My single wish is the grace to sing
The praise of a spot where a bard should be.
Sounding clear as the forest call,
Wakening man in the monarch's breast,
Many-voiced as the waters fall, —
Speaking to every soul's unrest,
My song should seize with a minstrel sway
Yon green twin-isles and their busy *bac*,
The hamlet white and the convent gray,
And the lodge for the wanderer on his way,
And thus to my France in my little lay
Give my little abbey of Carennac.

To journey again o'er the hard highway;
To enter a garrulous, troublous train;
Uncalled to come, and unbid obey:
To feign it pleasure, and feel it pain.
To float, — a straw on an idle stream;
To glitter, — a mote by the sunbeam sought;

To walk, — a shade in a waking dream;
To strive for nothings where all is naught.
An iron tongue to summon away,
And a rope of sand to hold me back,
Are the call to go, and the will to stay, —
Clamorous Duty and still Delay:
O gilded gloom! O green and gay
Of my little abbey of Carennac!

Fields that teem with the fruits of peace,
Let your reapers reap and your binders bind!
I cannot flee for a fond caprice
Yon stony spot to my hand assigned.
To me are numbered the seeds that grow;
Not mine the loss of the perished grain,
If working I watch for the time to sow,
And waiting pray for the sun and rain.
My day to God and the king I lend:
The wish of my heart will bring me back
A few last, lightsome hours to spend,
And to pass with my lifelong looked-for friend,
Through a quiet night and a perfect end,
From my little abbey of Carennac.

François Fénélon. Tr. Anon.

Carnac.

STANZAS COMPOSED AT CARNAC.

FAR on its rocky knoll descried
Saint Michael's chapel cuts the sky.
I climbed; — beneath me, bright and wide,
Lay the lone coast of Brittany.

Bright in the sunset, weird and still,
It lay beside the Atlantic wave,
As if the wizard Merlin's will
Yet charmed it from his forest grave.

Behind me on their grassy sweep,
Bearded with lichen, scrawled and gray,
The giant stones of Carnac sleep,
In the mild evening of the May.

No priestly stern procession now
Streams through their rows of pillars old;
No victims bleed, no Druids bow;
Sheep make the furze-grown aisles their fold.

From bush to bush the cuckoo flies,
The orchis red gleams everywhere;
Gold broom with furze in blossom vies,
The bluebells perfume all the air.

And o'er the glistening, lonely land
Rise up, all round, the Christian spires.

The church of Carnac, by the strand,
Catches the westering sun's last fires.

And there across the watery way,
See, low above the tide at flood,
The sickle-sweep of Quiberon bay
Whose beach once ran with loyal blood!

And beyond that, the Atlantic wide! —
All round, no soul, no boat, no hail!
But, on the horizon's verge descried,
Hangs, touched with light, one snowy sail!

Ah, where is he, who should have come
Where that far sail is passing now,
Past the Loire's mouth, and by the foam
Of Finistere's unquiet brow,

Home, round into the English wave? —
He tarries where the Rock of Spain
Mediterranean waters lave;
He enters not the Atlantic main.

O, could he once have reached this air
Freshened by plunging tides, by showers!
Have felt this breath he loved, of fair
Cool Northern fields and grass and flowers!

He longed for it, — pressed on! — In vain.
At the Straits failed that spirit brave.
The South was parent of his pain,
The South is mistress of his grave.

Matthew Arnold.

Castèl-Cuillè.

CASTÈL-CUILLÈ.

AT the foot of the mountain height
Where is perched Castèl-Cuillè,
When the apple, the plum, and the almond tree
In the plain below were growing white,
This is the song one might perceive
On a Wednesday morn of Saint Joseph's Eve:

"The roads should blossom, the roads should bloom,
So fair a bride shall leave her home!
Should blossom and bloom with garlands gay,
So fair a bride shall pass to-day!"

This old Te Deum, rustic rites attending,
Seemed from the clouds descending;
When lo! a merry company
Of rosy village girls, clean as the eye,
Each one with her attendant swain,
Came to the cliff, all singing the same strain;
Resembling there, so near unto the sky,
Rejoicing angels, that kind Heaven has sent
For their delight and our encouragement.
Together blending,
And soon descending
The narrow sweep
Of the hillside steep,

They wind aslant
Towards Saint Amant,
Through leafy alleys
Of verdurous valleys
With merry sallies
Singing their chant:

"The roads should blossom, the roads should bloom,
So fair a bride shall leave her home!
Should blossom and bloom with garlands gay,
So fair a bride shall pass to-day!"

Jacques Jasmin. Tr. Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

Caudebec.

WRITTEN AT CAUDEBEC IN NORMANDY.

WHEN life is crazy in my limbs,
And hope is gone astray,
And in my soul's December fade
The love-thoughts of its May,
One spot of earth is left to me
Will warm my heart again:
'T is Caudebec and Mailleraie
On the pleasant banks of Seine.

The dark wood's crownal on the hill,
The river curving bright,
The graceful barks that rest or play,
Pure creatures of delight, —
O, these are shows by nature given
To warm old hearts again,
At Caudebec and Mailleraie
On the pleasant banks of Seine.

The Tuscan's land, I loved it well,
And the Switzer's clime of snow,
And many a bliss me there befell
I nevermore can know:
But for quiet joy of nature's own.
To warm the heart again,
Give me Caudebec and Mailleraie
On the pleasant banks of Seine.

Arthur Henry Hallam.

Cauteretz.

IN THE VALLEY OF CAUTERETZ.

ALL along the valley, stream that flashest white,
Deepening thy voice with the deepening of the night,
All along the valley, where thy waters flow,

I walked with one I loved two and thirty years ago.
All along the valley while I walked to-day,
The two and thirty years were a mist that rolls away;
For all along the valley, down thy rocky bed
Thy living voice to me was as the voice of the dead,
And all along the valley, by rock and cave and tree,
The voice of the dead was a living voice to me.

Alfred Tennyson.

Cette.

A SOUTHERN NIGHT.

THE sandy spits, the shore-locked lakes,
Melt into open, moonlit sea;
The soft Mediterranean breaks
At my feet, free.

Dotting the fields of corn and vine,
Like ghosts and huge, gnarled olives stand;
Behind, that lovely mountain-line!
While by the strand

Cette, with its glistening houses white,
Curves with the curving beach away
To where the lighthouse beacons bright
Far in the bay.

Ah, such a night, so soft, so lone,
So moonlit, saw me once of yore

Wander unquiet, and my own
Vext heart deplore!

But now that trouble is forgot;
Thy memory, thy pain, to-night,
My brother! and thine early lot,
Possess me quite.

The murmur of this Midland deep
Is heard to-night around thy grave
There where Gibraltar's cannoned steep
O'erfrowns the wave.

For there, with bodily anguish keen,
With Indian heats at last fordone,
With public toil and private teen,
Thou sank'st, alone.

Slow to a stop, at morning gray,
I see the smoke-crowned vessel come;
Slow round her paddles dies away
The seething foam.

A boat is lowered from her side;
Ah, gently place him on the bench!
That spirit — if all have not yet died —
A breath might quench.

Is this the eye, the footstep fast,
The mien of youth we used to see,
Poor, gallant boy! — for such thou wast,
Still art, to me.

The limbs their wonted tasks refuse,
The eyes are glazed, thou canst not speak;
And whiter than thy white burnous
That wasted cheek!

Enough! The boat, with quiet shock,
Unto its haven coming nigh,
Touches, and on Gibraltar's rock
Lands thee, to die.

* * * * *

Matthew Arnold.

Chartres.

CHARTRES.

ELUDING these, I loitered through the town,
With hope to take my minster unawares
In its grave solitude of memory.
A pretty burgh, and such as Fancy loves
For bygone grandeurs, faintly rumorous now
Upon the mind's horizon, as of storm
Brooding its dreamy thunders far aloof,
That mingle with our mood, but not disturb.
Its once grim bulwarks, tamed to lovers' walks,
Look down unwatchful on the sliding Eure,
Whose listless leisure suits the quiet place,
Lisping among his shallows homelike sounds
At Concord and by Bankside heard before.

Chance led me to a public pleasure-ground,
Where I grew kindly with the merry groups,
And blessed the Frenchman for his simple art
Of being domestic in the light of day.
His language has no word, we growl, for Home;
But he can find a fireside in the sun,
Play with his child, make love, and shriek his mind,
By throngs of strangers undisprivacied.
He makes his life a public gallery,
Nor feels himself till what he feels comes back
In manifold reflection from without;
While we, each pore alert with consciousness,
Hide our best selves as we had stolen them,
And each bystander a detective were,
Keen-eyed for every chink of undisguise.

So, musing o'er the problem which was best, —
A life wide-windowed, shining all abroad,
Or curtains drawn to shield from sight profane
The rites we pay to the mysterious I, —
With outward senses furloughed and head bowed
I followed some fine instinct in my feet,
Till, to unbend me from the loom of thought,
Looking up suddenly, I found mine eyes
Confronted with the minster's vast repose.
Silent and gray as forest-leaguered cliff
Left inland by the ocean's slow retreat,
That hears afar the breeze-borne rote and longs,
Remembering shocks of surf that clomb and fell,
Spume-sliding down the baffled decuman,
It rose before me, patiently remote

From the great tides of life it breasted once,
Hearing the noise of men as in a dream.
I stood before the triple northern port,
Where dedicated shapes of saints and kings,
Stern faces bleared with immemorial watch,
Looked down benignly grave and seemed to say,
"Ye come and go incessant; we remain
Safe in the hallowed quiets of the past;
Be reverent, ye who flit and are forgot,
Of faith so nobly realized as this."
I seem to have heard it said by learned folk
Who drench you with æsthetics till you feel
As if all beauty were a ghastly bore,
The faucet to let loose a wash of words,
That Gothic is not Grecian, therefore worse;
But, being convinced by much experiment
How little inventiveness there is in man,
Grave copier of copies, I give thanks
For a new relish, careless to inquire
My pleasure's pedigree, if so it please,
Nobly, I mean, nor renegade to art.
The Grecian gluts me with its perfectness,
Unanswerable as Euclid, self-contained,
The one thing finished in this hasty world,
Forever finished, though the barbarous pit,
Fanatical on hearsay, stamp and shout
As if a miracle could be encored.
But ah! this other, this that never ends,
Still climbing, luring fancy still to climb,
As full of morals half divined as life,
Graceful, grotesque, with ever new surprise

Of hazardous caprices sure to please,
Heavy as nightmare, airy-light as fern,
Imagination's very self in stone!
With one long sigh of infinite release
From pedantries past, present, or to come,
I looked, and owned myself a happy Goth.
Your blood is mine, ye architects of dream,
Builders of aspiration incomplete,
So more consummate, souls self-confident,
Who felt your own thought worthy of record
In monumental pomp! No Grecian drop
Rebukes these veins that leap with kindred thrill,
After long exile, to the mother-tongue.

Ovid in Pontus, puling for his Rome
Of men invirile and disnatured dames
That poison sucked from the Attic bloom decayed,
Shrank with a shudder from the blue-eyed race
Whose force rough-handed should renew the world,
And from the dregs of Romulus express
Such wine as Dante poured, or he who blew
Roland's vain blast, or sang the Campeador
In verse that clanks like armor in the charge, —
Homeric juice, if brimmed in Odin's horn.
And they could build, if not the columned fane
That from the height gleamed seaward many-hued,
Something more friendly with their ruder skies:
The gray spire, molten now in driving mist,
Now lulled with the incommunicable blue;
The carvings touched to meanings new with snow,
Or commented with fleeting grace of shade;

The statues, motley as man's memory,
Partial as that, so mixed of true and false,
History and legend meeting with a kiss
Across this bound-mark where their realms confine;
The painted windows, freaking gloom with glow,
Dusking the sunshine which they seem to cheer,
Meet symbol of the senses and the soul;
And the whole pile, grim with the Northman's thought
Of life and death, and doom, life's equal fee, —
These were before me: and I gazed abashed,
Child of an age that lectures, not creates,
Plastering our swallow-nests on the awful Past,
And twittering round the work of larger men,
As we had builded what we but deface.
Far up the great bells wallowed in delight,
Tossing their clangors o'er the heedless town,
To call the worshippers who never came,
Or women mostly, in loath twos and threes.
I entered, reverent of whatever shrine
Guards piety and solace for my kind
Or gives the soul a moment's truce of God,
And shared decorous in the ancient rite
My sterner fathers held idolatrous.
The service over, I was tranced in thought:
Solemn the deepening vaults, and most to me,
Fresh from the fragile realm of deal and paint,
Or brick mock-pious with a marble front;
Solemn the lift of high-embowered roof,
The clustered stems that spread in boughs disleaved,
Through which the organ blew a dream of storm, —
Though not more potent to sublime with awe

And shut the heart up in tranquillity,
Than aisles to me familiar that o'erarch
The conscious silences of brooding woods,
Centurial shadows, cloisters of the elk:
Yet here was sense of undefined regret,
Irreparable loss, uncertain what:
Was all this grandeur but anachronism, —
A shell divorced of its informing life,
Where the priest housed him like a hermit-crab,
An alien to that faith of elder days
That gathered round it this fair shape of stone?
Is old Religion but a spectre now,
Haunting the solitude of darkened minds,
Mocked out of memory by the sceptic day?
Is there no corner safe from peeping Doubt,
Since Gutenberg made thought cosmopolite
And stretched electric threads from mind to mind?
Nay, did Faith build this wonder? or did Fear,
(Blockish or metaphysic, matters not),
That makes a fetish and misnames it God
Contrive this coop to shut its tyrant in,
Appeased with playthings, that he might not harm?

* * * * *

I walked forth saddened; for all thought is sad,
And leaves a bitterish savor in the brain,
Tonic, it may be, not delectable,
And turned, reluctant, for a parting look
At those old weather-pitted images
Of bygone struggle, now so sternly calm.
About their shoulders sparrows had built nests,
And fluttered, chirping, from gray perch to perch,

Now on a mitre poising, now a crown,
Irreverently happy. While I thought
How confident they were, what careless hearts
Flew on those lightsome wings and shared the sun,
A larger shadow crossed; and looking up,
I saw where, nesting in the hoary towers,
The sparrow-hawk slid forth on noiseless air,
With sidelong head that watched the joy below,
Grim Norman baron o'er this clan of Kelts.

James Russell Lowell.

Château d'If.

THE CHÂTEAU D'IF.

I LAY upon a dungeon floor,
On my damp and scanty bed;
And many a wretch had lain there before,
For the walls were scrawled and scribbled o'er
On high above my head.
There were rude initials, strangely blent,
The pastime of imprisonment;
There were holy signs of faith and trust,
Sketched with the foul corroding rust
Of some iron instrument;
There were ribald couplets, deeply writ,
Where coarseness marred the effect of wit,
And negatived the intent;

There were outlines, which appeared to trace
The features of some cherished face,
. The work of time and care,
Begun, perhaps, when hope was high,
In the first months of captivity,
But finished in despair!
And all this had been wrought by hands
Fettered, like mine, in iron bands;
The task, perchance, of many years,
Produced mid misery and tears;
The pastime which had tried its power
To cheat pale Sorrow of an hour.

And, still more sad! there was a row
Of notches in the cell,
Which seemed to have been made to show
How many days could come and go
Mid fate so terrible!
Alas! it was a weary line,
At once a symbol and a sign,
To those who followed there; —
Weeks, months, and years were counted o'er,
And set apart, a saddening store
Of anguish and despair!

I tried to guess what hand had wrought
These promptings to soul-maddening thought;
I tried to picture forth the gaze
Of the stern and steadfast eye,
Which numbered there the noted days
Of a dread captivity!

At first each notch was straight and long;
The captive's nerves were firm and strong,
Or thus the line could not have gone
So deeply through the jagged stone;
Long wore the marks this trace of force,
But soon they ceased to be
So firm and even in their course,
And I almost seemed to see
The throbbings of the unsteady hand
Which shook within its iron band, —
The bounding pulse that beat, and spurned
The fetter beneath which it burned,
And fevered to be free!

This was the first sad change; but more
Upon the next I wept:
He who once smote even to the core
Of the rude stone, which darkly bore
The record that he kept,
Now left a lighter trace of woe,
As if his strength were waning low.
Faint, and more faintly, every line
Bore proof of manhood's swift decline,
Mid famine, grief, and thrall.
At last there was one notch, so light
It scarcely had been finished quite, —
Life's last sad effort, half in vain,
To follow up the list of pain, —
And I could almost feel and see
That death had set the prisoner free
Ere he had time for all!

But, saddest still! full many a trace
Remained in that unhappy place
Of the wild madness which despair
Had wrought upon the brain,
And which had been eternized there
In agony and pain, —
The madness of demoniac glee,
Vented in curse and blasphemy;
Dark images of frenzied mirth,
In the heart's misery poured forth;
Clingings to base, unholy things;
Unbridled, vain imaginings;
Murmurs, where prayers had more availed,
Curses, where orisons had failed,
Blood, where there needed tears;
And still each base impress remained
By which the rough-hewn walls were stained
Of erst, in long-passed years.

Others had been less dark of mood
In their ungenial solitude;
And it was strange to mark how thought
Was with bright gleams of freedom fraught:
How it had fondly loved to rest
On each unfettered thing, —
A ship upon the billow's crest,
A bird upon the wing,
A tall steed riderless and free, —
All symbols of that liberty
For which each hour they sighed;
And it was maddening to know

That they who strove to cheat their woe,
By leaving this mute registry
Of their heart-sickness thus to me,
Had striven till they died!

Julia Pardoe.

Chartreuse, La Grande.

THE GRANDE CHARTREUSE.

AND now, emerging from the forest's gloom,
I greet thee, Chartreuse, while I mourn thy doom
Whither is fled that power whose frown severe
Awed sober Reason till she crouched in fear?
That silence, once in deathlike fetters bound,
Chains that were loosened only by the sound
Of holy rites chanted in measured round?
The voice of blasphemy the fane alarms,
The cloister startles at the gleam of arms.
The thundering tube the aged angler hears,
Bent o'er the groaning flood that sweeps away his tears.
Cloud-piercing pine-trees nod their troubled heads,
Spires, rocks, and lawns a browner night o'erspreads;
Strong terror checks the female peasant's sighs,
And start the astonished shades at female eyes.
From Bruno's forest screams the affrighted jay,
And slow the insulted eagle wheels away.
A viewless flight of laughing demons mock

The cross by angels planted on the aerial rock.
The parting genius sighs with hollow breath
Along the mystic streams of life and death.
Swelling the outcry dull, that long resounds
Portentous through her old woods' trackless bounds,
Vallombre, mid her falling fanes, deplores,
Forever broke, the Sabbath of her bowers.

William Wordsworth.

THE GRANDE CHARTREUSE.

THROUGH Alpine meadows soft suffused
With rain, where thick the crocus blows,
Past the dark forges long disused,
The mule-track from St. Laurent goes.
The bridge is crossed, and slow we ride,
Through forest, up the mountain-side.

The autumnal evening darkens round,
The wind is up, and drives the rain;
While hark! far down, with strangled sound
Doth the Dead Guiers' stream complain,
Where that wet smoke among the woods
Over his boiling caldron broods.

Swift rush the spectral vapors white
Past limestone scars with ragged pines,
Showing, then blotting from our sight.
Halt! through the cloud-drift something shines!
High in the valley, wet and drear,
The huts of Courrerie appear.

"Strike leftward!" cries our guide; and higher
Mounts up the stony forest-way.
At last the encircling trees retire;
Look! through the showery twilight gray
What pointed roofs are these advance?
A palace of the kings of France?

Approach, for what we seek is here.
Alight, and sparely sup, and wait
For rest in this outbuilding near;
Then cross the sward, and reach that gate;
Knock; pass the wicket! Thou art come
To the Carthusians' world-famed home.

The silent courts where, night and day,
Into their stone-carved basins cold
The splashing icy fountains play,
The humid corridors behold,
Where, ghostlike in the deepening night,
Cowled forms brush by in gleaming white.

The chapel, where no organ's peal
Invests the stern and naked prayer.
With penitential cries they kneel
And wrestle; rising then, with bare
And white uplifted faces stand,
Passing the Host from hand to hand.

Each takes, and then his visage wan
Is buried in his cowl once more.
The cells, — the suffering Son of Man

Upon the wall! the knee-worn floor!
And, where they sleep, that wooden bed,
Which shall their coffin be, when dead.

The library, where tract and tome
Not to feed priestly pride are there,
To hymn the conquering march of Rome, —
Nor yet to amuse, as ours are.
They paint of souls the inner strife,
Their drops of blood, their death in life.

The garden, overgrown, — yet mild
Those fragrant herbs are flowering there!
Strong children of the Alpine wild
Whose culture is the brethren's care,
Of human tasks their only one,
And cheerful works beneath the sun.

Those halls, too, destined to contain
Each its own pilgrim host of old,
From England, Germany, or Spain,
All are before me! I behold
The house, the brotherhood austere!
And what am I, that I am here?

For rigorous teachers seized my youth,
And purged its faith, and calmed its fire,
Showed me the high white star of truth,
There bade me gaze, and there aspire.
Even now their whispers pierce the gloom:
"What dost thou in this living tomb?"

Forgive me, masters of the mind!
At whose behest I long ago
So much unlearnt, so much resigned!
I come not here to be your foe.
I seek these anchorites, not in ruth,
To curse and to deny your truth;

Not as their friend or child I speak!
But as on some far northern strand,
Thinking of his own gods, a Greek
In pity and mournful awe might stand
Before some fallen runic stone, —
For both were faiths, and both are gone.

Wandering between two worlds, one dead,
The other powerless to be born,
With nowhere yet to rest my head,
Like these, on earth I wait forlorn.
Their faith, my tears, the world deride;
I come to shed them at their side.

O, hide me in your gloom profound,
Ye solemn seats of holy pain!
Take me, cowled forms, and fence me round,
Till I possess my soul again!
Till free my thoughts before me roll,
Not chafed by hourly false control.

For the world cries your faith is now
But a dead time's exploded dream;
My melancholy, sciolists say,

Is a past mode, an outworn theme; —
As if the world had ever had
A faith, or sciolists been sad.

Ah, if it be passed, take away,
At least, the restlessness, the pain, —
Be man henceforth no more a prey
To these outdated stings again!
The nobleness of grief is gone, —
Ah, leave us not the fret alone!

But if you cannot give us ease,
Last of the race of them who grieve,
Here leave us to die out with these
Last of the people who believe!
Silent, while years engrave the brow;
Silent, — the best are silent now.

Achilles ponders in his tent,
The kings of modern thought are dumb;
Silent they are, though not content,
And wait to see the future come.
They have the grief men had of yore,
But they contend and cry no more.

Our fathers watered with their tears
This sea of time whereon we sail;
Their voices were in all men's ears
Who passed within their puissant hail.
Still the same ocean round us raves,
But we stand mute and watch the waves.

For what availed it, all the noise
And outcry of the former men?
Say, have their sons obtained more joys?
Say, is life lighter now than then?
The sufferers died, they left their pain;
The pangs which tortured them remain.

What helps it now, that Byron bore,
With haughty scorn which mocked the smart,
Through Europe to the Ætolian shore
The pageant of his bleeding heart?
That thousands counted every groan,
And Europe made his woe her own?

What boots it, Shelley, that the breeze
Carried thy lovely wail away,
Musical through Italian trees
That fringe thy soft blue Spezzian bay?—
Inheritors of thy distress,
Have restless hearts one throb the less?

Or are we easier to have read,
O Obermann! the sad, stern page
Which tells us how thou hidd'st thy head
From the fierce tempest of thine age
In the lone brakes of Fontainebleau,
Or châlets near the Alpine snow?

Ye slumber in your silent grave!
The world, which for an idle day
Grace to your mood of sadness gave,

Long since hath flung her weeds away.
The eternal trifler breaks your spell;
But we, — we learnt your lore too well!

There may, perhaps, yet dawn an age,
More fortunate, alas, than we,
Which without hardness will be sage,
And gay without frivolity.
Sons of the world, O, haste those years;
But, till they rise, allow our tears!

Allow them! We admire, with awe,
The exulting thunder of your race;
You give the universe your law,
You triumph over time and space.
Your pride of life, your tireless powers,
We mark them, but they are not ours.

We are like children reared in shade
Beneath some Old-World abbey wall
Forgotten in a forest-glade
And secret from the eyes of all;
Deep, deep the greenwood round them waves,
Their abbey, and its close of graves.

But where the road runs near the stream,
Oft through the trees they catch a glance
Of passing troops in the sun's beam, —
Pennon, and plume, and flashing lance!
Forth to the world those lances fare,
To life, to cities, and to war.

And through the woods, another way,
Faint bugle-notes from far are borne,
Where hunters gather, stag-hounds bay,
Round some old forest-lodge at morn.
Gay dames are there, in sylvan green;
Laughter and cries, — those notes between!

The banners flashing through the trees
Make their blood dance and chain their eyes.
That bugle-music on the breeze
Arrests them with a charmed surprise.
Banner, by turns, and bugle woo:
Ye shy recluses, follow too!

O children, what do ye reply?
"Action and pleasure, will ye roam
Through these secluded dells to cry
And call us? but too late ye come!
Too late for us your call ye blow
Whose bent was taken long ago.

"Long since we pace this shadowed nave;
We watch those yellow tapers shine,
Emblems of hope over the grave,
In the high altar's depth divine;
The organ carries to our ear
Its accents of another sphere.

"Fenced early in this cloistral round
Of revery, of shade, of prayer,
How should we grow in other ground,

How should we flower in foreign air? —
Pass, banners, pass, and, bugles, cease,
And leave our desert to its peace!"

Matthew Arnold.

IN THE VALLEY OF THE GRANDE CHARTREUSE.

TORRENT under lofty beeches, under larches cresting high;
Wanderer by the wandering stranger slipping softly, surely by;

Born among Savoyan snows and where St. Bruno, hid with God,
Far from kindly human love, the road of tears and rapture trod;

Joining then the valley-streamlet, then the golden-green Isère,
Then where Rhone's broad current to the blue their lordly burden bear; —

Torrent under lofty beeches, under larches cresting high,
Thou art southward set, and southward all thy waters strain and fly, —

Sunny South, — o'er slope and summit the gray mist of olive spread.
Terrace high o'er terrace climbing, lines of white, vine-garlanded.

Ah, another vision calls me, calls me to the Northern isle, —
Voices from beyond the mountain, smiles that dim the sun's own smile, —

And I set my soul against thee, water of the Southern sea:
Thine are not the currents toward the haven where my heart would be.

Francis Turner Palgrave.

Chenonceaux.

THE BANKS OF THE CHER.

IN that province of our France
Proud of being called its garden,
In those fields where once by chance
Pepin's father with his lance
Made the Saracen sue for pardon;
There between the old château
Which two hundred years ago
Was the centre of the League,
Whose infernal, black intrigue
Almost fatal was, 't is reckoned,
To young Francis, called the Second;
And that pleasant city's wall
Of this canton capital,
City memorable in story,

And whose fruits preserved with care
Make the riches and the glory
Of the gourmands everywhere! —
Now, a more prosaic head
Without verbiage might have said,
There between Tours and Amboise
In the province of Touraine;
But the poet, and with cause,
Loves to ponder and to pause;
Ever more his soul delighteth
In the language that he writeth,
Finer far than other people's;
So, while he describes the steeples,
One might travel through Touraine,
Far as Tours and back again.

On the borders of the Cher
Is a valley green and fair,
Where the eye, that travels fast,
Tires with the horizon vast;
There, since five and forty lustres,
From the bosom of the stream,
Like the castle of a dream,
High into the fields of air
The château of Chenonceaux
Lifts its glittering vanes in clusters.
Six stone arches of a bridge
Into channels six divide
The swift river in its flow,
And upon their granite ridge
Hold this beautiful château,

Flanked with turrets on each side.
Time, that grand old man with wings,
Who destroys all earthly things,
Hath not tarnished yet one stone,
White as ermine is alone,
Of this palace of dead kings.

One in speechless wonder sees
In the rampart-walls of Blois,
To the shame of the Valois,
Marble stained with blood of Guise;
By the crimes that it can show,
By its war-beleaguered gates,
Famous be that black château;
Thou art famous for thy fêtes
And thy feastings, Chenonceaux!
Ah, most beautiful of places,
With what pleasure thee I see;
Everywhere the selfsame traces,
Residence of all the Graces
And Love's inn and hostelry!

Here that second Agrippina,
The imperious Catharina,
Jealous of all pleasant things,
To her cruel purpose still
Subjugating every will,
Kept her sons as underlings
Fastened to her apron-strings.

Here, divested of his armor,
As gallant as he was brave,

Francis First to some fair charmer
Many an hour of dalliance gave.
Here, beneath these ceilings florid,
Chose Diana her retreat, —
Not Diana of the groves
With the crescent on her forehead,
Who, as swiftest arrow fleet,
Flies before all earthly loves;
But that charming mortal dame,
She the Poiterine alone,
She the Second Henry's flame,
Who with her celestial zone
Loves and Laughters made secure
From banks of Cher to banks of Eure.

Cher, whose stream, obscure and troubled,
Flowed before with many a halt,
By this palace is ennobled,
Since it bathes its noble vault.
Even the boatman, hurrying fast,
Pauses, mute with admiration
To behold a pile so vast
Rising like an exhalation
From the stream; and with his mast
Lowered salutes it, gliding past.

Antoine-Marie Lemièrre. Tr. Anon.

Chinon.

CHINON.

SCARCE had the earliest ray from Chinon's towers
Made visible the mists that curled along
The winding waves of Vienne, when from her couch
Started the martial maid. She mailed her limbs;
The white plumes nodded o'er her helmed head;
She girt the sacred falchion by her side,
And, like some youth that from his mother's arms,
For his first field impatient, breaks away,
Poising the lance went forth.
Twelve hundred men,
Rearing in ordered ranks their well-sharped spears,
Await her coming. Terrible in arms,
Before them towered Dunois, his manly face
Dark-shadowed by the helmet's iron cheeks.
The assembled court gazed on the marshalled train,
And at the gate the aged prelate stood
To pour his blessing on the chosen host.
And now a soft and solemn symphony
Was heard, and, chanting high the hallowed hymn,
From the near convent came the vestal maids.
A holy banner, woven by virgin hands,
Snow-white they bore. A mingled sentiment
Of awe, and eager ardor for the fight,
Thrilled through the troops, as he the reverend man
Took the white standard, and with heavenward eye
Called on the God of Justice, blessing it.

The Maid, her brows in reverence unhelmed,
Her dark hair floating on the morning gale,
Knelt to his prayer, and, stretching forth her hand,
Received the mystic ensign. From the host
A loud and universal shout burst forth,
As rising from the ground, on her white brow
She placed the plumed casque, and waved on high
The bannered lilies. On their way they march,
And dim in distance, soon the towers of Chinon
Fade from the eye reverted.

Robert Southey.

Clermont.

THE COUNCIL OF CLERMONT.

AMID the throng the Hermit stood; so wan,
Careworn, and travel-soiled; with genius high
Throned on his brow, shrined in his spiritual eye.
The Hermit spake, and through the council ran
A tremor, not of fear; as in the van,
Chafing before embattled chivalry,
A proud steed listens for the clarion's cry,
So sprang they to their feet: and every man,
Pontiff and prince, prelate and peer, caught up
Their swords, and kissed the crosiered hilts, and swore,
As though their lips the sacramental cup
Had touched, Christ's sepulchre to free! The shore
Of Asia heard that sound, in thunder hurled, —
"*Deus id vult*," — from Clermont through the world!

Sir Aubrey de Vere.

Clisson.

CLISSON.

IT was a dark autumnal day
When first to Clisson I would stray;
The groves were clad in brown and green,
To suit the interval between
The parting friend and coming foe
So sure to lay their beauties low.
Thick hedge-rows, groves, and small rich fields,
The region that surrounds it yields;
Methought I spied at each brake pass
The peasants risen in a mass,
Intrenched within the pathless wood,
Where hostile legions were withstood
By rustics all like heroes now,
With sacred cause and holy vow.

But changed abruptly all I found,
Descending o'er a rugged ground;
Until I reached a deep ravine,
The Sèvre winding on between;
When suddenly there raised its head,
All spectral-like, quite causing dread,
The vast huge pile, so dark and hoary,
Whose checkered fame aye lives in story,
While stretched along and at its feet
I saw the village winding street
Far scattered up and down, and strange;
Just such as on some Alpine range

Will lead you to the welcome spot
Where soon fatigues are all forgot.

Long grass-grown steps cut o'er the rock
Which shelves down in a mighty block
Conduct you to the portals grand
Which green with ivy proudly stand.
There now, within these crumbling walls,
Lives recent Fame that pity calls,
When standing o'er that fatal well
Down whose dark depths the victims fell,
Who fought to stay an impious hand
And cruel despots to withstand.
Then on I strayed through towers vast
That now stand open to the blast,
All roofless, split on every side,
Where owls and bats can well abide,
Such canopies of creeping flowers
Combine with walls to make their bowers,
Through courts where huge trees cast a shade
As in some haunted forest glade,
Through many a grim, spacious room
Where all is desolation, gloom;
Each window still with iron barred,
As suiting manners stern and hard,
If possible, more dreary still,
From such left traces of the skill
Which fashioned all things that you see,
If not for pain, with mystery.

Kenelm Henry Digby.

THE CASTLE OF CLISSON.

CLISSON! thy towers, thy depth of sunless caves,
Thy humid corridors that smother sound,
And thy gapped windows whence the violet waves
A sweet farewell to Legend lingering round,
And mingling whispers echoed from afar,
Invite and chain my steps here where thy mysteries are.

The clang of steel smiting thy solid stones
Goes with me as I wind within thy towers;
Thy oubliettes unseal their ancient groans,
And fright the swallows from their airy bowers;
Silks rustle, and the gray of œillets old
Gleams with gemmed arms across the arras fold.

All this is Legend's and fond Fancy's work,
They give a tongue to every silent block;
For, like to Memnon, now no voices lurk,
The sun of Chivalry set, in the dumb rock.
In moody sadness frowns the questioned pile,
Where only wild-flowers live, and scarcely sunbeams smile.

Below thy festering feet the undaunted wave
Whirls with a song past roofs no more profaned,
And the wood-dove rebuilds above the grave
Of other doves in what from spoils reclaimed,
Of that sweet grove where Eloisa's woes
Sighed to the quivering leaves from yon dark cave's repose.

Here her strong spirit felt how vain the lore,
Heaped from all Eld, to dam pale passion's course,
Wish chasing wish more burning than before,
And her heart emptied to its inmost source,
To madden with new waters and swift growing
Of Love's wild passion-flower beside its flowing.

Thy cavern-like yon murderous tower is still,
It throbs no more with fiery sighs like thine;
The lizard glances past its portals chill,
And withered vine-leaves over it entwine;
The paths around are choked, and bear no more
Feet chased by passionate breath along that glowing shore.

Thomas Gold Appleton.

Cressy (Crécy).

THE BALLAD OF CRÉCY.

WHAT man-at-arms, or knight
Of doughty deeds in fight, —
What king whose dauntless might
Still lives in story,
Deserves such fame as one
Who, when his sight was gone,
Fought till he fell, — King John,
Bohemia's glory?

That fatal August day
The French and English lay
Drawn up in dread array,
With bows and lances,

Determined then to try
Which host could bravest die,
Which host would soonest fly, —
England's or France's.

The morning light revealed,
On Crécy's famous field,
Armed with his spear and shield,
This fearless foeman,
Who, with his old blind eyes,
Will for his French allies
Do battle till he dies, —
And fly from no man!

His bridle-rein he tied
To a good knight's at his side,
Among the French to ride,
That saw astounded
Who with their foremost prest,
His shield before his breast,
His long spear set in rest, —
The trumpet sounded!

Full tilt against their foes,
Where thickest fell the blows,
And war-cries mingling rose,
"St. George!" "St. Denys!"
Driven by the trumpet's blare
Where most the English dare,
And where the French despair, —
He there and then is!

Up, down, he rode, and thrust;
Unhorsed, knights rolled in dust;

Whom he encounters must
Go down or fly him:
All round the bloody field
Spears rattle on his shield,
But none can make him yield;
Few venture nigh him.

Here, there, he rides until
His horse perforce stands still:
He spurs it, but it will
No longer mind him;
It cannot stir for fright,
So desperate now the fight,
Death on the left, the right,
Before, behind him!

But this, so blind was he,
The old king could not see;
An he had seen, pardie!
His soul delighting
Had faster rained down blows
Upon his puny foes,
And in the dark death-throes
Had gone out fighting!

When the last rout was done,
And when the English won,
They found the brave King John,
Who fought so lately,
Stone dead,—his old blind eyes
Uplooking to the skies,
As he again would rise
And battle greatly!

They bore him to his rest,
His shield upon his breast,
Where blazoned was his crest, —
Three ostrich feathers;
Under, in gold, was seen
The royal words, "Ich Dien,"
Which most kings now think mean, —
Save in foul weathers!

Not so the Black Prince thought,
Who then at Crécy fought,
And old John's valor caught,
And was victorious.
"Who serve like him," quoth he,
"Commend themselves to me;
Such royal servants be
Forever glorious!"

Richard Henry Stoddard.

Corsica.

CORSICA.

HOW raptured fancy burns, while warm in thought
I trace the pictured landscape; while I kiss
With pilgrim lips devout the sacred soil
Stained with the blood of heroes. Cyrnus, hail!
Hail to thy rocky, deep indented shores,
And pointed cliffs, which hear the chafing deep
Incessant foaming round thy shaggy sides.
Hail to thy winding bays, thy sheltering ports,
And ample harbors, which inviting stretch

Their hospitable arms to every sail:
Thy numerous streams, that bursting from the cliffs
Down the steep channelled rock impetuous pour
With grateful murmur: on the fearful edge
Of the rude precipice, thy hamlets brown
And straw-roofed cots, which from the level vale
Scarce seen, amongst the craggy hanging cliffs
Seem like an eagle's nest aerial built.
Thy swelling mountains, brown with solemn shade
Of various trees, that wave their giant arms
O'er the rough sons of freedom; lofty pines,
And hardy fir, and ilex ever green,
And spreading chestnut, with each humbler plant,
And shrub of fragrant leaf, that clothes their sides
With living verdure; whence the clustering bee
Extracts her golden dews: the shining box
And sweet-leaved myrtle, aromatic thyme,
The prickly juniper, and the green leaf
Which feeds the spinning worm; while glowing bright
Beneath the various foliage, wildly spreads
The arbutus, and rears his scarlet fruit
Luxuriant, mantling o'er the craggy steeps;
And thy own native laurel crowns the scene.
Hail to thy savage forests, awful, deep;
Thy tangled thickets, and thy crowded woods,
The haunt of herds untamed; which sullen bound
From rock to rock with fierce, unsocial air,
And wilder gaze, as conscious of the power
That loves to reign amid the lonely scenes
Of unquelled nature: precipices huge,
And tumbling torrents; trackless deserts, plains

Fenced in with guardian rocks, whose quarries teem
With shining steel, that to the cultured fields
And sunny hills which wave with bearded grain,
Defends their homely produce. Liberty,
The mountain goddess, loves to range at large
Amid such scenes, and on the iron soil
Prints her majestic step. For these she scorns
The green enamelled vales, the velvet lap
Of smooth savannahs, where the pillowed head
Of luxury reposes; balmy gales,
And bowers that breathe of bliss. For these, when first
This isle emerging like a beauteous gem
From the dark bosom of the Tyrrhene main,
Reared its fair front, she marked it for her own,
And with her spirit warmed. Her genuine sons,
A broken remnant, from the generous stock
Of ancient Greece, from Sparta's sad remains,
True to their high descent, preserved unquenched
The sacred fire through many a barbarous age:
Whom nor the iron rod of cruel Carthage,
Nor the dread sceptre of imperial Rome,
Nor bloody Goth, nor grisly Saracen,
Nor the long galling yoke of proud Liguria,
Could crush into subjection. Still unquelled
They rose superior, bursting from their chains,
And claimed man's dearest birthright, liberty:
And long, through many a hard unequal strife,
Maintained the glorious conflict; long withstood,
With single arm, the whole collected force
Of haughty Genoa and ambitious Gaul.

Anna Letitia Barbauld.

Coutras.

THE DEATH OF JOYEUSE.

BETWEEN La Roche and Coutras
Was heard our battle-cry;
And still we called, "To arms! to arms!"
Our voices rent the sky.

Our king was there with all his men,
And all his guards beside;
Within, the Duke de Joyeuse,
And to the king he cried:

"O, yield, King Henry, yield to me!" —
"What simple squire art thou,
To bid King Henry yield him,
And to thy bidding bow?"

"I am no simple squire,
But a knight of high degree;
I am the Duke de Joyeuse,
And thou must yield to me."

The king has placed his cannon
In lines against the wall, —
The first fire Joyeuse trembled,
The next saw Joyeuse fall.

Alas! his little children,
How sad will be their fate! —
A nurse both young and pretty
Shall on them tend and wait;
And they shall be brave warriors
When they come to man's estate.

Anon. Tr. Louisa Stuart Costello.

Dieppe.

AT DIEPPE.

THE shivering column of the moonlight lies
Upon the crumbling sea;
Down the lone shore the flying curlew cries
Half humanly.

With hoarse, dull wash the backward dragging surge
Its raucid pebbles rakes,
Or swelling dark runs down with toppling verge,
And flashing breaks.

The lighthouse flares and darkens from the cliff,
And stares with lurid eye
Fiercely along the sea and shore, as if
Some foe to spy.

What knowing thought, O ever-moaning sea,
Haunts thy perturbéd breast, —

What dark crime weighs upon thy memory
And spoils thy rest?

Thy soft swell lifts and swings the new-launched yacht
With polished spars and deck,
But crawls and grovels where the bare ribs rot
Of the old wreck.

O treacherous courtier! thy deceitful lie
To youth is gayly told,
But in remorse I see thee cringingly
Crouch to the old.

William Wetmore Story.

Dinan.

THE BARON DE JAUIOZ.

I.

"I STOOD beside the running stream,
And heard the mournful death-bird say:
'Tina, know'st thou, 't is no dream,
Thou art bought and sold to-day?'

"Mother, mother, is it true,
What the death-bird said he knew?
Am I, for the love of gold,
To the aged Baron sold?"

"Ah! dear child, I cannot tell;
Ask thy father for the truth."

"Father, is it fixed to sell
To old age thy daughter's youth?"

"Daughter, urge me not, I pray;
Ask thy brother, — he can say."
"Lannik! — brother! — speak the word,
Am I sold to Jauioz's lord?"

"Sister, thou art sold. Be wise,
For thy price was brought to-day;
Let no tears bedim thine eyes,
Let thy gear be brave and gay.
Fifty crowns of silver white,
Fifty more of gold so bright,
Jauioz's lord for thee has paid,
Be thy fortune marred or made!"

"Mother, shall thy child be drest
In the white robe, or the red?
Which would suit a bride the best?
Or will black be well instead,
That my sister Helen sewed?"
"Daughter, ask me not. The road
Will be rough, and dark the way;
Dress thee quickly, for thy steed,
Yon black courser, trapped so gay,
Waits to bear thee hence with speed."

II.

'T was not far she rode when loud
On the air came sounds she knew;

'T was the bells that rang so proud,
Then she wept: "St. Anne, adieu!
All my native bells, farewell!
Ye have tolled my funeral knell!"

By the Lake of Pain[1] she passed:
There she saw a ghastly band;
White their garments, and the blast
Drove their shadowy barks to land.

Crowds of spectres were the crew,
Souls who seek in vain for rest;
Hard her struggling breath she drew,
And her head sunk on her breast.

When the Vale of Blood she neared,
All that ghastly band, with speed,
Following in pursuit appeared
Close behind her coal-black steed!
Hideous forms and sights of fear
Press her nearer and more near.

All her senses chilled with woe,
Full of horror and dismay,
Motionless and pale as snow,
At the Baron's gate she lay.

III.

"Wake thee, Tina, 't is thy lord;
Seat thee by the blazing hearth;

[1] It was supposed that France was divided from Bretagne by a lake which was called Lac de l'Angoisse and by a valley called Vallée du Sang.

See, they spread the festal board,
Hark the minstrels and the mirth!"

By the fire the Baron stands,
Black his raven locks as night,
Eyes that glow like flaming brands,
Hair and beard all hoary white.

"Long I 've sought this blooming maid,
She is mine, at last!" he said.
"Come, fair girl, and view my store,
Count my riches o'er and o'er,
Come with me from room to room."
"Baron Jauioz, take me home!
Rather, by my mother's side,
Counting billets for our fire,
Would I all my life abide;
And no riches I desire."
"See, my caves are filled with wine,
Drink, — 't is sweet, a cure for care."
"Brighter does the streamlet shine
Where my father's flocks repair!"
"Come and choose throughout the town
Broidered robes all rich and grand."
"Better is a woollen gown
Made me by my mother's hand."
"Come, behold this cincture bright
Dazzling all whene'er you move."
"Better is the girdle white
Which my sister Helen wove!"

"Girl! thy words are harsh and cold,
Hatred in each look is told!
Curses on my gold that bought thee!
Curses on my heart that sought thee!
Idiot that I was, — my gain
Is but tears, reproach, and pain."

IV.

"Little birds that roam so free,
Hear my voice, and list to me.
You can to my village hie,
I, alas! am captive here;
I am sunk in misery,
You are full of joyous cheer.
To my village when ye rove
All my friends your eyes may view.
To my mother bear my love,
To my father bear it, too.
Bless my mother day by day,
To our priest my greetings tell,
To my brother whispering say,
I have pardoned him, — farewell!"

V.

Months were gone: 't was midnight deep,
All was hushed in silent sleep;
Not a footstep pressed the floor,
Nothing stirred, above, around,
When a soft voice at the door
Murmured words of mournful sound:

"Father, mother, wake and pray,
And your mourning weeds prepare,
For my soul a requiem say,
Comfort me with many a prayer,
Heave the sigh, and shed the tear,
For your child lies on her bier."

Anon. Tr. Louisa Stuart Costello.

Domrémy.

JOAN OF ARC.

DAUPHIN, I am by birth a shepherd's daughter,
My wit untrain'd in any kind of art.
Heaven and our Lady gracious hath it pleas'd
To shine on my contemptible estate:
Lo! whilst I waited on my tender lambs,
And to sun's parching heat display'd my cheeks,
God's mother deigned to appear to me;
And, in a vision full of majesty,
Will'd me to leave my base vocation,
And free my country from calamity.
Her aid she promis'd, and assur'd success:
In complete glory she reveal'd herself;
And, whereas I was black and swart before,
With those clear rays which she infus'd on me,
That beauty am I bless'd with, which you see.

William Shakespeare.

JOAN OF ARC'S FAREWELL TO HER HOME.

FAREWELL, ye mountains, ye beloved pastures,
And peaceful, friendly valleys; fare ye well.
Joan no more along your paths may wander;
She bids you now a fond, a last farewell;
Meadows that I have watered, trees I planted,
Long may your smiling green my kindness tell;
Farewell, ye cooling grottos, murmuring fountains,
And thou, soft Echo, voice of the lone dell,
That oft mad'st answer to my jocund strain;—
Joan may never visit you again!

Ye scenes where all my quiet joys were found,
I leave you here behind forevermore;
Ye lambkins sporting on the flowery ground,
Soon, a lost flock, ye 'll roam the mountains o'er;
I go to lead another flock, mid sound
Of drum and trumpet, on a field of gore.
A spirit's voice hath summoned me, — I yield, —
No earth-born passion spurs me to the field.

He who of old on Horeb's height came down,
And from the burning bush to Moses spake;
Who bade him stand and brave stern Pharaoh's frown;
Who bade the shepherd-son of Jesse take
A warrior's spear and wear a kingly crown;
Who still loves shepherds for his mercy's sake, —
To me hath spoken from yon whispering tree, —
"Go forth; thou shalt on earth my witness be!

"Go, and henceforth the brazen armor prove;
Bind the steel breastplate to thy tender breast;
Let not man's love have power thy heart to move,
Nor wild, unholy fires thy soul molest;
No bridal wreath shall bloom thy brow above,
No smiling infant on thy bosom rest; —
Yet shall the hero's lasting fame be thine;
Above earth's noblest daughters thou shalt shine.

"When in the shock of fight the mightiest reel,
When the last hour of France is drawing nigh,
Then shalt thou wave my oriflamb on high,
Like corn before the reaping maiden's steel,
Low in the dust shalt see the tyrant lie,
Roll back his proud, triumphant chariot wheel,
To the brave sons of France salvation bring,
Deliver Rheims, and crown thy rightful king."

The Lord of Hosts hath promised me a sign,
And now he sends this helmet, — 't is from him!
Its iron touch nerves me with power divine;
I feel the glory of the cherubim;
I must away to join the bristling line, —
A tempest whirls me onward; earth grows dim;
The din of battle summons me away;
The war-steed prances, and the trumpets bray.

Friedrich Schiller. Tr. Charles Timothy Brooks.

THE MAID OF ORLEANS.

AT thee the mocker sneers in cold derision,
Through thee he seeks to desecrate and dim
Glory for which he hath no soul or vision,
For "God" and "Angel" are but sounds with him.
He makes the jewels of the heart his booty,
And scoffs at man's belief and woman's beauty.

Yet thou — a lowly shepherdess! — descended
Not from a kingly but a godly race,
Art crowned by Poesy! Amid the splendid
Of heaven's high stars she builds thy dwelling-place,
Garlands thy temples with a wreath of glory,
And swathes thy memory in eternal story.

The base of this weak world exult at seeing
The fair defaced, the lofty in the dust;
Yet grieve not! There are godlike hearts in being
Which worship still the beautiful and just.
Let Momus and his mummers please the crowd,
Of nobleness alone a noble mind is proud.

Friedrich Schiller. Tr. James Clarence Mangan.

DOMRÉMY.

AMID these wilds
Often to summer pasture have I driven
The flock; and well I know these woodland wilds,
And every bosomed vale and valley stream

Is dear to memory. I have laid me down
Beside yon valley stream, that up the ascent
Scarce sends the sound of waters now, and watched
The beck roll glittering to the noontide sun,
And listened to its ceaseless murmuring,
Till all was hushed and tranquil in my soul,
Filled with a strange and undefined delight
That passed across the mind like summer clouds
Over the vale at eve; their fleeting hues
The traveller cannot trace with memory's eye,
Yet he remembers well how fair they were,
How beautiful.

In solitude and peace
Here I grew up, amid the loveliest scenes
Of unpolluted nature. Sweet it was,
As the white mists of morning rolled away,
To see the upland's wooded heights appear
Dark in the early dawn, and mark the slope
With gorse-flowers glowing, as the sun illumed
Their golden glory with his deepening light;
Pleasant at noon beside the vocal brook
To lay me down, and watch the floating clouds,
And shape to fancy's wild similitudes
Their ever-varying forms; and O, how sweet!
To drive my flock at evening to the fold,
And hasten to our little hut, and hear
The voice of kindness bid me welcome home.

Robert Southey.

Dreux.

KING HENRY THE FIFTH AND THE HERMIT OF DREUX.

HE passed unquestioned through the camp;
Their heads the soldiers bent
In silent reverence, or begged
A blessing as he went;
And so the hermit passed along,
And reached the royal tent.

King Henry sate in his tent alone;
The map before him lay:
Fresh conquests he was planning there
To grace the future day.

King Henry lifted up his eyes
The intruder to behold;
With reverence he the hermit saw,
For the holy man was old;
His look was gentle as a saint's,
And yet his eye was bold.

"Repent thee, Henry! of the wrongs
Which thou hast done this land;
O King! repent in time, for know
The judgment is at hand.

"I have passed forty years of peace
Beside the river Blaise;

But what a weight of woe hast thou
Laid on my latter days!

"I used to see along the stream
The white sail gliding down,
That wafted food, in better times,
To yonder peaceful town.

"Henry! I never now behold
The white sail gliding down;
Famine, Disease, and Death, and Thou,
Destroy that wretched town.

"I used to hear the traveller's voice
As here he passed along,
Or maiden as she loitered home
Singing her even-song.

"No traveller's voice may now be heard;
In fear he hastens by:
But I have heard the village maid
In vain for succor cry.

"I used to see the youths row down,
And watch the dripping oar,
As pleasantly their viol's tones
Came softened to the shore.

"King Henry, many a blackened corpse
I now see floating down!
Thou man of blood! repent in time,
And leave this leaguered town."

"I shall go on," King Henry cried,
"And conquer this good land:
Seest thou not, hermit, that the Lord
Hath given it to my hand?"

The hermit heard King Henry speak,
And angrily looked down:
His face was gentle, and for that
More solemn was his frown.

"What if no miracle from Heaven
The murderer's arm control;
Think you, for that, the weight of blood
Lies lighter on his soul?

"Thou conqueror King, repent in time,
Or dread the coming woe!
For, Henry, thou hast heard the threat,
And soon shalt feel the blow!"

King Henry forced a careless smile,
As the hermit went his way;
But Henry soon remembered him
Upon his dying day.

Robert Southey.

Dunkirk (*Dunkerque*).

PEACE AND DUNKIRK.

SPITE of Dutch friends and English foes,
Poor Britain shall have peace at last:
Holland got towns, and we got blows;
But Dunkirk 's ours, we 'll hold it fast.
We have got it in a string,
And the Whigs may all go swing,
For among good friends I love to be plain;
All their false deluded hopes
Will, or ought to end in ropes;
"But the Queen shall enjoy her own again."

Sunderland 's run out of his wits,
And Dismal double dismal looks;
Wharton can only swear by fits,
And strutting Hal is off the hooks;
Old Godolphin, full of spleen,
Made false moves, and lost his Queen;
Harry looked fierce, and shook his ragged mane:
But a prince of high renown
Swore he 'd rather lose a crown
"Than the Queen should enjoy her own again."

Our merchant-ships may cut the line,
And not be snapt by privateers,
And commoners who love good wine
Will drink it now as well as peers:

Landed men shall have their rent,
Yet our stocks rise cent. per cent.
The Dutch from hence shall no more millions drain;
We 'll bring on us no more debts,
Nor with bankrupts fill gazettes;
"And the Queen shall enjoy her own again."

The towns we took ne'er did us good:
What signified the French to beat?
We spent our money and our blood,
To make the Dutchmen proud and great:
But the Lord of Oxford swears,
Dunkirk never shall be theirs.
The Dutch-hearted Whigs may rail and complain;
But true Englishmen may fill
A good health to General Hill:
"For the Queen now enjoys her own again."

Jonathan Swift.

Durance, the River.

SIR REGINALD.

'TIS a gay summer morn, and the sunbeams dance
On the glittering waves of the rapid Durance,
Where Sir Reginald's castle its broad shadow throws
O'er the bay and the linden, the cypress and rose.
And in that rosy bower a lady so bright
Sits telling her beads for her own absent knight,

Whilst her little son plays round the fond mother's knee,
And the wandering stock-dove is scared by his glee.

'T is a calm summer eve, and the moonbeams dance
On the glittering waves of the rapid Durance,
Where Sir Reginald's castle its broad shadow throws
O'er the bay and the linden, the cypress and rose.
But the pitiless spoiler is master there,
For gone is the lady, and gone the young heir;
The good knight hath perished beyond the salt sea,
And they, like the stock-dove, poor wanderers be.

Mary Russell Mitford.

THE DURANCE.

CALL to mind your loveliest dream,
When your sleep is lulled by a mountain stream,
When your pillow is made of the violet,
And over your head are the branches met
Of a lime-tree covered with bloom and bees,
When the rose's breath is on the breeze,
When odors and light on your eyelids press
With summer's delicious idleness;
And upon you some shadowy likeness may glance
Of the faery banks of the bright Durance;
Just where at first its current flows
Mid willows and its own white rose, —
Its clear and early tide, or ere
A shade, save trees, its waters bear.

The sun, like an Indian king, has left
To that fair river a royal gift
Of gold and purple; no longer shines
His broad red disk o'er that forest of pines
Sweeping beneath the burning sky
Like a death-black ocean, whose billows lie
Dreaming dark dreams of storm in their sleep,
When the wings of the tempest shall over them sweep
And with its towers cleaving the red
Of the sunset clouds, and its shadow spread
Like a cloak before it, darkening the ranks
Of the light young trees on the river's banks,
And ending there, as the waters shone
Too bright for shadows to rest upon,
A castle stands; whose windows gleam
Like the golden flash of a noon-lit stream
Seen through the lily and water-flag's screen:
Just so shine those panes through the ivy green,
A curtain to shut out sun and air,
Which the work of years has woven there.
But not in the lighted pomp of the west
Looks the evening its loveliest:
Enter yon turret, and round you gaze
On what the twilight east displays:
One star, pure, clear, as if it shed
The dew on each young flower's head;
And like a beauty of southern clime,
Her veil thrown back for the first time,
Pale, timid, as she feared to own
Her claim upon the midnight throne,
Shows the fair moon her crescent sign.

Beneath, in many a serpentine,
The river wanders; chestnut-trees
Spread their old boughs o'er cottages
Where the low roofs and porticos
Are covered with the Provence rose.
And there are vineyards; none might view
The fruit o'er which the foliage weaves;
And olive groves, pale, as the dew
Crusted its silver o'er the leaves.
And there the castle garden lay
With tints in beautiful array;
Its dark green walks, its fountains falling,
Its tame birds to each other calling;
The peacock with its orient rings,
The silver pheasant's gleaming wings;
And on the breeze rich odors sent
Sweet messages, as if they meant
To rouse each sleeping sense to all
The loveliness of evening's fall.

Letitia Elizabeth Landon.

Ellé, the River.

WATERS OF ELLE.

WATERS of Elle, thy limpid streams are flowing,
Smooth and untroubled o'er the flowery vale.
On thy green banks once more the wild rose blowing,
Greets the young Spring, and scents the passing gale.

Here 't was at eve, near yonder tree reposing,
One still too dear first breathed his vows to thee.
"Wear this," he cried, his guileful love disclosing,
"Near to thy heart, in memory of me."

Love's cherished gift, the rose he gave, is faded;
Love's blighted flower can never bloom again.
Weep for thy fault, in heart and mind degraded;
Weep, if thy tears can wash away the stain.

Anonymous.

Elliant.

THE PLAGUE OF ELLIANT.

THE plague which the ballad commemorates ravaged Brittany in the sixth century. The Book of Llandaff (in Jesus College, Oxford) contains an account of this plague, in an abridgment of the life of Saint Gwenolé, made in the ninth century by Gurdestin, abbot of the convent. In this account special mention is made of the ravages of the plague in the parish of Elliant, though the country immediately round about it is said to have been preserved from the scourge by the prayers of a saintly hermit named Rasian.

'TWIXT Faoüet and Llangolan
There lives a bard, a holy man, —
His name is Father Rasian.

On Faoüet his hest he laid:
"Let every month a mass be said,
And bells be rung, and prayers be read."

In Elliant the plague is o'er,
But not till it had raged full sore:
It slew seven thousand and fivescore.

Death unto Elliant hath gone down,
No living soul is in the town, —
No living soul but two alone.

A crone of sixty years is one,
The other is her only son.

"The Plague," quoth she, "is on our door-sill;
'T will enter if it be God's will;
But till it enter bide we still."

Through Elliant's streets who wills to go,
Everywhere will find grass to mow, —

Everywhere, save in two wheel-ruts bare,
Where the wheels of the dead-cart wont to fare.

His heart were flint that had not wept,
Through Elliant's grass-grown streets who stept,

To see eighteen carts, each with its load, —
Eighteen at the graveyard, eighteen on the road.

Nine children of one house there were
Whom one dead-cart to the grave did bear;
Their mother 'twixt the shafts did fare.

The father, whistling, walked behind,
With a careless step and a mazy mind.

The mother shrieked and called on God,
Crushed, soul and body, beneath her load.

"God, help me bury my children nine,
And I vow thee a cord of the wax so fine, —

"A cord of the wax so long and fine,
To go thrice round the church and thrice round the shrine.

"Nine sons I had; I bare them all;
Now Death has ta'en them, great and small, —

"Hath ta'en them all from my own door-stone;
None left, e'en to give me to drink, — not one!"

The churchyard to the walls brims o'er,
The church is full to the steps of the door:
They must bless fields, if they 'd bury more.

There grows an oak by the churchyard wall,
From the top bough hangs a white grave pall, —
The plague hath taken one and all!

Ballads of Brittany. Tr. Tom Taylor.

Ermenonville.

FOR THE CENOTAPH AT ERMENONVILLE.

STRANGER! the man of nature lies not here:
Enshrined far distant by the scoffer's side
His relics rest, there by the giddy throng

With blind idolatry alike revered.
Wiselier directed have thy pilgrim feet
Explored the scenes of Ermenonville. Rousseau
Loved these calm haunts of solitude and peace;
Here he has heard the murmurs of the lake,
And the soft rustling of the poplar grove,
When o'er its bending boughs the passing wind
Swept a gray shade. Here, if thy breast be full,
If in thine eye the tear devout should gush,
His spirit shall behold thee, to thine home
From hence returning, purified of heart.

Robert Southey.

Finistère.

FINISTÈRE.

HAIL! Ocean-region of the Keltic West,
Where conquering Rome her Finis Terræ found,
Stayed by the haughty waves that gird thy breast;
And where the untravelled Breton still doth bound
His dear familiar world. I look around
With joyful heart from each far-gazing height,
And fondly wake the visions Fame hath crowned,
Which haunt thy winding shores with history bright,
Or bathed in rainbow gleams of legendary light.

O breezy Headland of Saint-Mathieu! thou
Whose feet are farthest in blue ocean set,

Whose echoing voice is wildest, whose old brow,
With lightning smitten and with salt spray wet,
Looks least on earthly scenes; I love thee yet
Most of the Armoric Capes, and come to blend
Life's golden hours of rest — too rarely met —
With shadows of thy buried past, and bend
Spiritual eyes afar where unveiled vistas tend.

Locmazé-Pen-ar-Bed! secluded cell
On the world's rim remote, but with the name
Of the whole world's Apostle hallowed; well
I love thee now, when all the west is flame
Before thee, and behind, the city's fame
Betrayed not in the deepening hush of eve;
Though, ringed by seas no summer calms can tame,
Deep-pulsing, Ouessant and her islets grieve,
And to lone Sizun's cliffs the gathering storm-clouds cleave.

* * * * *

James Kenward.

Fontainebleau.

FONTAINEBLEAU.

AS I walked in the grass-green alleys
Where fringes of beech-trees grow,
I thought of the close-cut lindens,
And the fishes of Fontainebleau,
The lazy fins of the old gray carp,

Almost too idle to eat their bread,
And the turreted roofs, so fine and sharp,
Cutting into the blue sky overhead.
The suites of rooms both large and small,
And the lofty gloom of St. Louis Hall,
Mirrored again in the shining floor;
And the thick walls pierced for the crusted door,
With traceried panels and ponderous lock,
Which opens heavily, shuts with shock,
If the hand unwarily lets it fall.

The great square courts are still as the grave,
Once so joyous with hunting horn,
When the princely hunter, eager and brave,
Rode to the chase at the first of morn.
The grand old courts of Francis the First,
Neither the ugliest nor the worst
Of that kingly race who hunted the deer
All day long in the forest wide,
Which stretches for miles on every side.
Music and feasting closed the day
When the king was tired with his hunting play,
And had chased the deer to his heart's desire,
Where the sunshine glows, like soft green fire,
Under the trees in the month of May.

We were there in the month of May,
When the quaint inn garden was filled with flowers.
Roses and lilies are passed away,
And I write in the dark December hours.
But I will not believe (and a woman, you know,

Will never believe against her will!)
That there ever is snow at Fontainebleau.
I fancied then, I will hold to it still,
That place of the ancient kings doth wear
A sort of enchanted fairy-tale air;
And that roses blossom the whole year through,
And soft green sunshine glows on the dew;
That the breath of the forest is soft and sweet;
That dulcimers play in the open street,
And the people actually waltz to the sound,
Like the queer little folks that turn round and round
In the travelling organs you chance to meet.

At Fontainebleau, in the month of May,
You just might fancy some amiable gnome
Or intelligent fairy had whisked you away
A thousand miles from your northern home,
And planted you safe on the hills near Rome.
It only wanted the olive-trees,
And the purple breadth of the southern seas,—
Only a few little things of the kind,
To make you doubly sure in your mind.
For there were the roses and there the skies,
And the wonderful brightness to fill your eyes,
And the people singing and dancing away,
As if constantly making a scene in a play.
And there was the moon when the sun went down,
And in silver and black she clothed the town,
As if half masked for a holiday!
Then the Royal Chapel of Fontainebleau
Is Roman quite in its taste, you know;

Exceedingly white, and gold, and red,
With a legion of cherubim overhead.
But there the innermost heart is moved,
  Not by sculptured or painted frieze,
But by thoughts of a life perfumed with prayer,
Of a saintly woman who worshipped there,
The wife of Louis the well-beloved,
  And mother of Madame Louise.

And then the Forest! What pen shall paint
The gates of brickwork, solid and quaint,
Which opened on it from every side;
And the sweeping circles whose vistas wide
Narrow away to a point of space,
Like the rays of a star from its central place.
Wherever you turn it is just the same,
Whither you go or whence you came,
To the right, to the left, behind, before,
An ocean of trees for six leagues and more.
From the brow of the rocks (all purple and green,
Or damply shining with silver sheen)
You see what looks like a mystical floor,
A glorious level of green and gray,
Till the uttermost distance melts away,
Where satyrs and fauns might nimbly play,
Swinging along by the tops of the trees,
Like dolphins out on the crested seas.

And where the Forest is melting away,
  And drops to the brink of the winding Seine,
A vine-clad village, open and gay,

Tempted our feet, — but our quest was vain.
We eagerly knocked, — but polite despair
Opened the gate of the porte-cochère,
And a chorus of quadruped, white and brown,
Barked affirmative, "Gone to town,"
With affable bursts of French bow-wow;
(As part of the family they knew how!)
So we gazed at the house through that porte-cochère,
With its tall new tower so straight and fair,
Its mouldings of brickwork quaint and free,
And under the date a firm "R. B."

O royal Forest of Fontainebleau,
Be kind, be kind to this artist dear;
And if (which I don't believe!) you've snow,
Be silver-fretted, be crystal clear.
Be tender, O Spring, to her gentle kine,
To her lambs with coats so close and fine,
To the king of the herd, with hornéd brow,
To her rough-haired dogs, with their wise bow-wow;
Nurture them, comfort them, give your best
To the family friends of your famous guest.
Thou, rose-clad Summer, temper your beams
With leaping fountains and gurgling streams.
Autumn, ripen your largest grapes,
Of richest color and moulded shapes.
Rain, fall soft on her garden bower;
Sunshine, melt on the bricks of her tower;
Nature and Art, alike bestow
Blessing and beauty on Fontainebleau!

Bessie Rayner Parkes.

IN THE FOREST OF FONTAINEBLEAU.

THE lights and shadows of long ago
In the grand old Forest of Fontainebleau
Go with me still wherever I go.

I range my pictures around my room,
Won from the forest's light and gloom;
Not yet shall they sink to an auction's doom.

They wake me again to the painter's moods;
They take me back to the wonderful woods,
The wild, dream-haunted solitudes.

They come as Memory waves her wand;
And I think of the days when with busy hand
I painted alone in the forest grand.

I see the old gnarled oak-trees spread
Their boughs and foliage over my head.
About the mossy rocks I tread.

Under the beeches of Fontainebleau,
In the green dim dells of the Bas-Brëau,
Mid ferns and laurel-tufts I go;

Or up on the hills, while the woods beneath
Circle me round like a giant-wreath,
Plunge knee-deep in the purple heath;

Then down to a patch of furzy sand,
Where the white umbrella and easel stand,
And the rocks lie picturesque and grand.

The mellow autumn with fold on fold
Has dressed the woods with a bronzy gold,
And scarlet scarfs of a wealth untold.

The tall gray spotted beeches rise
And seem to touch the unclouded skies,
And round their tops with clamorous cries

The rooks are wheeling to and fro;
And down on the brown leaf-matting below
The lights and the shadows come and go.

O calm, deep days, when labor moved
With wings of joy to the tasks beloved,
And art its own best guerdon proved!

For such it was, when long ago
I sat in my leafy studio
In the dear old Forest of Fontainebleau.

Christopher Pearse Cranch.

THE BELLS OF FONTAINEBLEAU.

NAPOLEON in the gray surtout
That kings had learned to dread,
With close-clenched hands behind his back
And heavy bended head,

Climbed slowly (lost in battle plans)
A hill near Fontainebleau,
One, two, three, four, the village chimes
Came to him from below.

The marshals, glittering with gold,
Paced laughingly along,
Nor hushed the scandal and the jest,
Or scrap of opera song;
The Emperor stood silent there,
A monarch turned to stone,
Nor smiled, nor moved, — where great men stand
The spot becomes a throne.

Below, the reapers, singing, toiled
With sickles (not with swords),
Or down in clusters round the sheaves
Lay revelling like lords;
The soldiers pointed to the slopes
That bound the golden plain,
And almost wished that France were lost,
To win it o'er again.

The gray man stood, one foot outstretched,
As if upon a foe,
He cared not for the happy sight,
The plenty spread below,
Although the bells shook music down
From yonder village tower, —
And hark! the royal voice of Time
Exulting in his power.

At last he spoke, and slowly turned
(A moisture in his eyes), —
Massena gave a shrug that showed
A cynical surprise:
"Long years ago, at Malmaison,
When all unknown of men,
I heard just such a laughing peal,
And I was happy then."

He turned upon his heel, and then
Sat down upon the hill,
Tracing upon the level sand
With sword-sheath (O, that will!)
The star redoubt, the diamond fort,
The battle lines again: —
A month from that he won the day
Upon Marengo's plain.

Walter Thornbury.

Fontenay.

FONTENAY.

O AMIABLE solitude,
Sojourn of silence and of peace!
Asylum where forever cease
All tumult and inquietude!

I, who have chanted many a time
To tender accents of my lyre

All that one suffers from the fire
Of love and beauty in its prime, —

Shall I, whose gratitude requites
All blessing I from thee receive, —
Shall I, unsung, in silence leave
Thy benefactions and delights?

Thou bringest back my youthful dream;
Calmest my agitated breast;
And of my idleness and rest
Makest a happiness extreme.

Amid these hamlets and these woods
Again do I begin to live,
And to the winds all memory give
Of sorrows and solicitudes.

* * * * *

What smiling pictures and serene
Each day reveals to sight and sense,
Of treasures with which Providence
Embellishes this rural scene!

How sweet it is in yonder glade
To see, when noonday burns the plain,
The flocks around the shepherd swain
Reposing in the elm-tree's shade!

To hear at eve our flageolets
Answered by all the hills around,

And all the villages resound
With hautbois and with canzonets!

Alas! these peaceful days, perforce,
With too great swiftness onward press;
My indolence and idleness
Are powerless to suspend their course.

Old age comes stealing on apace;
And cruel Death shall soon or late
Execute the decree of fate
That gives me to him without grace.

O Fontenay! forever dear!
Where first I saw the light of day,
I soon from life shall steal away
To sleep with my forefathers here.

Ye Muses, that have nourished me
In this delightful spot of earth;
Beautiful trees, that saw my birth,
Erelong ye too my death shall see!

Meanwhile let me in patience wait
Beneath thy shadowy woods, nor grieve
That I so soon their shade must leave
For that dark manor desolate,

Whither not one shall follow me
Of all these trees that my own hand
Hath planted, and for pastime planned,
Saving alone the cypress-tree!

Guillaume Anfrye de Chaulieu. Tr. Anon.

Fontevrault.

CŒUR DE LION AT THE BIER OF HIS FATHER.

TORCHES were blazing clear,
Hymns pealing deep and slow,
Where a king lay stately on his bier
In the church of Fontevraud.
Banners of battle o'er him hung,
And warriors slept beneath,
And light, as noon's broad light, was flung
On the settled face of death.

On the settled face of death
A strong and ruddy glare;
Though dimmed at times by the censer's breath,
Yet it fell still brightest there:
As if each deeply furrowed trace
Of earthly years to show,—
Alas! that sceptred mortal's race
Had surely closed in woe!

The marble floor was swept
By many a long dark stole,
As the kneeling priests round him that slept
Sang mass for the parted soul;
And solemn were the strains they poured
Through the stillness of the night,
With the cross above, and the crown and sword,
And the silent king in sight.

There was heard a heavy clang
As of steel-girt men the tread,
And the tombs and the hollow pavement rang
With a sounding thrill of dread;
And the holy chant was hushed awhile,
As, by the torch's flame,
A gleam of arms, up the sweeping aisle,
With a mail-clad leader came.

He came with a haughty look,
An eagle glance and clear,
But his proud heart through its breastplate shook,
When he stood beside the bier!
He stood there still with a drooping brow,
And clasped hands o'er it raised;
For his father lay before him low; —
It was Cœur de Lion gazed!

And silently he strove
With the workings of his breast;
But there 's more in late-repentant love
Than steel can keep suppressed!
And his tears brake forth, at last, like rain; —
Men held their breath in awe,
For his face was seen by his warrior-train,
And he recked not that they saw.

He looked upon the dead,
And sorrow seemed to lie,
A weight of sorrow, even like lead,
Pale on the fast-shut eye.

He stooped, and kissed the frozen cheek,
And the heavy hand of clay,
Till bursting words, yet all too weak,
Gave his soul's passion way.

"O father! is it vain,
This late remorse and deep?
Speak to me, father, once again.
I weep, — behold, I weep!
Alas! my guilty pride and ire!
Were but this work undone!
I would give England's crown, my sire,
To hear thee bless thy son.

"Speak to me! mighty grief
Ere now the dust hath stirred!
Hear me, but hear me! father, chief!
My king! I must be heard.
Hushed, hushed; — how is it that I call,
And that thou answerest not?
When was it thus? — woe, woe for all
The love my soul forgot!

"Thy silver hairs I see,
So still, so sadly bright!
And, father! father! but for me
They had not been so white!
I bore thee down, high heart! at last,
No longer couldst thou strive;
O for one moment of the past
To kneel and say, — 'Forgive!'

"Thou wert the noblest king
On royal throne e'er seen;
And thou didst wear, in knightly ring,
Of all the stateliest mien;
And thou didst prove, where spears are proved
In war, the bravest heart, —
O, ever the renowned and loved
Thou wert; — and there thou art!

"Thou, that my boyhood's guide
Didst take fond joy to be! —
The times I 've sported by thy side,
And climbed the parent-knee!
And there before the blessed shrine,
My sire! I see thee lie;
How will that still, sad face of thine
Look on me till I die!"

Felicia Hemans.

Gastine.

TO THE FOREST OF GASTINE.

STRETCHED in thy shadows I rehearse,
Gastine, thy solitudes,
Even as the Grecians in their verse
The Erymanthian woods.

For I, alas! cannot conceal
From any future race

The pleasure, the delight, I feel
In thy green dwelling-place.

Thou who beneath thy sheltering bowers
Dost make me visions see;
Thou who dost cause that at all hours
The Muses answer me;

Thou who from each importunate care
Dost free me with a look,
When lost I roam I know not where
Conversing with a book!

Forever may thy thickets hold
The amorous brigade
Of Satyrs and of Sylvans bold,
That make the Nymphs afraid;

In thee the Muses evermore
Their habitation claim,
And never may thy woods deplore
The sacrilegious flame.

Pierre de Ronsard. Tr. Anon.

Gaube, the Lake.

THE TRAGEDY OF THE LAC DE GAUBE, IN THE PYRENEES.

THE marriage blessing on their brows,
Across the Channel seas
And lands of gay Garonne, they reach
The pleasant Pyrenees, —
He into boyhood born again,
A son of joy and life;
And she a happy English girl,
A happier English wife.

They loiter not where Argelés,
The chestnut-crested plain,
Unfolds its robe of green and gold
In pasture, grape, and grain;
But on and up, where Nature's heart
Beats strong amid the hills,
They pause, contented with the wealth
That either bosom fills.

There is a lake, a small round lake,
High on the mountain's breast,
The child of rains and melted snows,
The torrent's summer rest, —
A mirror where the veteran rocks
May glass their peaks and scars,
A nether sky where breezes break
The sunlight into stars.

O, gayly shone that little lake,
And Nature, sternly fair,
Put on a sparkling countenance
To greet that merry pair;
How light from stone to stone they leapt,
How trippingly they ran;
To scale the rock and gain the marge
Was all a moment's span!

"See, dearest, this primeval boat,
So quaint and rough, I deem
Just such an one did Charon ply
Across the Stygian stream:
Step in, — I will your Charon be,
And you a Spirit bold, —
I was a famous rower once
In college days of old.

"The clumsy oar! the laggard boat!
How slow we move along, —
The work is harder than I thought, —
A song, my love, a song!"
Then, standing up, she carolled out
So blithe and sweet a strain
That the long-silent cliffs were glad
To peal it back again.

He, tranced in joy, the oar laid down,
And rose in careless pride,
And swayed in cadence to the song
The boat from side to side:

Then clasping hand in loving hand,
They danced a childish round,
And felt as safe in that mid-lake
As on the firmest ground.

One poise too much! — He headlong fell, —
She, stretching out to save
A feeble arm, was borne adown
Within that glittering grave; —
One moment, and the gush went forth
Of music-mingled laughter, —
The struggling splash and deathly shriek
Were there the instant after.

Her weaker head above the flood,
That quick engulfed the strong,
Like some enchanted water-flower,
Waved pitifully long: —
Long seemed the low and lonely wail
Athwart the tide to fade;
Alas! that there were some to hear,
But never one to aid.

Yet not alas! if Heaven revered
The freshly spoken vow,
And willed that what was then made one
Should not be sundered now, —
If she was spared, by that sharp stroke,
Love's most unnatural doom,
The future lorn and unconsoled,
The unavoided tomb!

But weep, ye very rocks! for those
Who, on their native shore,
Await the letters of dear news
That shall arrive no more;
One letter from a stranger hand, —
Few words are all the need;
And then the funeral of the heart,
The course of useless speed!

The presence of the cold dead wood,
The single mark and sign
Of her so loved and beautiful,
That handiwork divine!
The weary search for his fine form
That in the depth would linger,
And late success, — O, leave the ring
Upon that faithful finger!

And if in life there lie the seed
Of real enduring being,
If love and truth be not decreed
To perish unforeseeing,
This youth the seal of death has stamped
Now time can wither never,
This hope that sorrow might have damped
Is fresh and strong forever.[1]

Lord Houghton.

[1] Mr. and Mrs. Pattison were drowned in the year 1831.

Gévaudun.

CLOTILDE.

IN Gévaudun were brothers three,
They had one sister dear;
The cruel Baron her lord must be,
And the fellest and fiercest knight is he
In the country far or near.

He beat that lovely lady sore
With a staff of the apple green,
Till her blood flowed down on the castle floor,
And from head to foot the crimson gore
On her milk-white robe was seen.

He filled a cup with her blood so red,
A cup of silver fine:
"It was for thee this wine was shed;
Come, drink it, lady mine!"

Her robe was stained with the ruby tide
Once pure as the fleece so white;
And she hied her to the river-side
To wash in the waters bright.

While there she stood three knights so gay
Came riding bold and free.
"Ho! tell us, young serving-maiden, pray,
Where yon castle's lady may be?"

"Alas! no serving-maid am I,
But the lady of yonder castle high!"

"O sister, sister, truly tell
Who did this wrong to thee?"

"Dear brothers, it was the husband fell
To whom you married me."

* * * * *

The brothers spurred their steeds in haste
And the castle soon they gained,
From chamber to chamber they swiftly passed,
Nor paused till they reached the tower at last
Where the felon knight remained:

They drew their swords so sharp and bright,
They thought on their sister sweet;
They struck together the felon knight,
And his head rolled at their feet!

Anon. Tr. Louisa Stuart Costello.

Harfleur.

HENRY THE FIFTH BEFORE HARFLEUR.

ONCE more unto the breach, dear friends, once more;
Or close the wall up with our English dead!
In peace, there 's nothing so becomes a man
As modest stillness, and humility:
But when the blast of war blows in our ears,

Then imitate the action of the tiger;
Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood,
Disguise fair nature with hard-favour'd rage:
Then lend the eye a terrible aspéct;
Let it pry through the portage of the head,
Like the brass cannon; let the brow o'erwhelm it,
As fearfully as doth a galléd rock
O'erhang and jutty his confounded base,
Swill'd with the wild and wasteful ocean.
Now set the teeth, and stretch the nostril wide;
Hold hard the breath, and bend up every spirit
To his full height! — On, on, you noblest English,
Whose blood is fet from fathers of war-proof!
Fathers, that, like so many Alexanders,
Have, in these parts, from morn till even fought,
And sheath'd their swords for lack of argument.
Dishonour not your mothers; now attest,
That those whom you call'd fathers, did beget you!
Be copy now to men of grosser blood,
And teach them how to war! — And you, good yeomen,
Whose limbs were made in England, show us here
The mettle of your pasture; let us swear
That you are worth your breeding: which I doubt not;
For there is none of you so mean and base,
That hath not noble lustre in your eyes.
I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,
Straining upon the start. The game 's afoot;
Follow your spirit: and, upon this charge,
Cry, God for Harry! England! and Saint George!

William Shakespeare.

Hautefort.

BERTRAND DE BORN.

THE beautiful spring delights me well,
When flowers and leaves are growing;
And it pleases my heart to hear the swell
Of the birds' sweet chorus flowing
In the echoing wood;
And I love to see, all scattered around,
Pavilions, tents, on the martial ground;
And my spirit finds it good
To see, on the level plains beyond,
Gay knights and steeds caparisoned.

It pleases me when the lancers bold
Set men and armies flying;
And it pleases me, too, to hear around
The voice of the soldiers crying;
And joy is mine
When the castles strong, besieged, shake,
And walls uprooted totter and crack,
And I see the foemen join,
On the moated shore all compassed round
With the palisade and guarded mound.

Lances, and swords, and stained helms,
And shields, dismantled and broken,
On the verge of the bloody battle-scene,

The field of wrath betoken;
And the vassals are there,
And there fly the steeds of the dying and dead;
And where the mingled strife is spread,
The noblest warrior's care
Is to cleave the foeman's limbs and head, —
The conqueror less of the living than dead.

I tell you that nothing my soul can cheer,
Or banqueting or reposing,
Like the onset-cry of "Charge them!" rung
From each side, as in battle closing,
Where the horses neigh,
And the call to "Aid!" is echoing loud;
And there on the earth the lowly and proud
In the fosse together lie;
And yonder is piled the mangled heap
Of the brave that scaled the trench's steep.

Barons, your castles in safety place,
Your cities and villages too,
Before ye haste to the battle-scene!
And, Papiol, quickly go,
And tell the Lord of "Oc and No!"
That peace already too long hath been!

Bertrand de Born. Tr. Edgar Taylor.

Hautvillers.

ELEGY WRITTEN AT THE CONVENT OF HAUT VILLERS, IN CHAMPAGNE, 1754.

SILENT and clear, through yonder peaceful vale,
While Marne's slow waters weave their mazy way
See, to the exulting sun and fostering gale
What boundless treasures his rich banks display!

Fast by the stream, and at the mountain's base,
The lowing herds through living pastures rove;
Wide-waving harvests crown the rising space,
And still superior nods the viny grove.

High on the top, as guardian of the scene,
Imperial Sylvan spreads his umbrage wide;
Nor wants there many a cot, and spire between,
Or in the vale or on the mountain's side,

To mark that man, as tenant of the whole,
Claims the just tribute of his culturing care,
Yet pays to Heaven, in gratitude of soul,
The boon which Heaven accepts of, praise and prayer.

O, dire effects of war! the time has been
When Desolation vaunted here her reign;
One ravaged desert was yon beauteous scene,
And Marne ran purple to the frighted Seine.

Oft at his work the toilsome day to cheat
The swain still talks of those disastrous times,
When Guise's pride and Condé's ill-starred heat
Taught Christian zeal to authorize their crimes;

Oft to his children sportive on the grass
Does dreadful tales of worn Tradition tell,
Oft points to Epernay's ill-fated pass
Where force thrice triumphed, and where Biron fell.

O, dire effects of war! may evermore
Through this sweet vale the voice of discord cease!
A British bard to Gallia's fertile shore
Can wish the blessings of eternal peace.

* * * * *

William Whitehead.

Ivry-la-Bataille.

THE BATTLE OF IVRY.

HENRY IV., on his accession to the French crown, was opposed by a large part of his subjects, under the Duke of Mayenne, with the assistance of Spain and Savoy. In March, 1590, he gained a decisive victory over that party at Ivry.

NOW glory to the Lord of Hosts, from whom all glories are!
And glory to our sovereign liege, King Henry of Navarre!
Now let there be the merry sound of music and the dance,

Through thy cornfields green, and sunny vines, O pleasant land of France!
And thou, Rochelle, our own Rochelle, proud city of the waters,
Again let rapture light the eyes of all thy mourning daughters.
As thou wert constant in our ills, be joyous in our joy,
For cold and stiff and still are they who wrought thy walls annoy.
Hurrah! hurrah! a single field hath turned the chance of war,
Hurrah! hurrah! for Ivry, and King Henry of Navarre!

O, how our hearts were beating, when, at the dawn of day,
We saw the army of the League drawn out in long array;
With all its priest-led citizens, and all its rebel peers,
And Appenzell's stout infantry, and Egmont's Flemish spears.
There rode the brood of false Lorraine, the curses of our land!
And dark Mayenne was in the midst, a truncheon in his hand;
And, as we looked on them, we thought of Seine's empurpled flood,
And good Coligni's hoary hair all dabbled with his blood;
And we cried unto the living God, who rules the fate of war,
To fight for his own holy name, and Henry of Navarre.

The king is come to marshal us, in all his armor drest;
And he has bound a snow-white plume upon his gallant crest.
He looked upon his people, and a tear was in his eye;
He looked upon the traitors, and his glance was stern and high.
Right graciously he smiled on us, as rolled from wing to wing,
Down all our line, a deafening shout, "God save our lord the King!"
"And if my standard-bearer fall, as fall full well he may, —
For never saw I promise yet of such a bloody fray, —
Press where ye see my white plume shine, amidst the ranks of war,
And be your oriflamme, to-day, the helmet of Navarre."

Hurrah! the foes are moving! Hark to the mingled din
Of fife and steed, and trump and drum, and roaring culverin!
The fiery duke is pricking fast across St. André's plain,
With all the hireling chivalry of Guelders and Almayne.
Now by the lips of those ye love, fair gentlemen of France,
Charge for the golden lilies now — upon them with the lance!
A thousand spurs are striking deep, a thousand spears in rest,
A thousand knights are pressing close behind the snow-white crest;

And in they burst, and on they rushed, while, like a guiding star,
Amidst the thickest carnage blazed the helmet of Navarre.

Now, God be praised, the day is ours! Mayenne hath turned his rein.
D'Aumale hath cried for quarter. The Flemish Count is slain.
Their ranks are breaking like thin clouds before a Biscay gale;
The field is heaped with bleeding steeds, and flags, and cloven mail.
And then we thought on vengeance, and all along our van,
"Remember St. Bartholomew!" was passed from man to man;
But out spake gentle Henry, "No Frenchman is my foe:
Down, down with every foreigner, but let your brethren go."
O, was there ever such a knight, in friendship or in war,
As our sovereign lord, King Henry, the soldier of Navarre!

Ho! maidens of Vienna! Ho! matrons of Lucerne!
Weep, weep, and rend your hair for those who never shall return.
Ho! Philip, send, for charity, thy Mexican pistoles,
That Antwerp monks may sing a mass for thy poor spearmen's souls!

Ho! gallant nobles of the League, look that your arms
be bright!
Ho! burghers of Saint Genevieve, keep watch and ward
to-night!
For our God hath crushed the tyrant, our God hath
raised the slave,
And mocked the counsel of the wise and the valor of
the brave.
Then glory to his holy name, from whom all glories
are;
And glory to our sovereign lord, King Henry of Na-
varre!

Thomas Babington Macaulay.

Jurançon.

THE WINE OF JURANÇON.

LITTLE sweet wine of Jurançon,
You are dear to my memory still!
With mine host and his merry song,
Under the rose-tree I drank my fill.

Twenty years after, passing that way,
Under the trellis I found again
Mine host, still sitting there *au frais*,
And singing still the same refrain.

The Jurançon, so fresh and bold,
Treats me as one it used to know;

Souvenirs of the days of old
Already from the bottle flow.

With glass in hand our glances met,
We pledge, we drink. How sour it is!
Never Argenteuil piquette
Was to my palate sour as this!

And yet the vintage was good in sooth,
The selfsame juice, the selfsame cask!
It was you, O gayety of my youth,
That failed in the autumnal flask.

Charles Coran. Tr. Anon.

Kaer-Is.

THE DROWNING OF KAER-IS.

THE anonymous chronicler of Ravenna mentions a town, which he calls Ker-is, as existing in Armorica in the fifth century. Here ruled a prince called Gradlonvawre, i. e. Gradlon the Great. Gradlon was the protector of Gwénolé, the founder of the first abbey established in Brittany.

I.

HEARD ye the word the man of God
Spake to King Gradlon, blythe of mood,
Where in fair Kaer-Is he abode?

"Sir King, of dalliance be not fain,
From evil loves thy heart refrain,
For hard on pleasure followeth pain.

"Who feeds his fill on fish of sea
To feed the fishes doomed is he;
The swallower swallowed up shall be.

"Who drinks of the wine and the barley-brew,
Of water shall drink as the fishes do;—
Who knows not this shall learn 't is true."

II.

Unto his guests King Gradlon said:
"My merry feres, the day is sped;
I will betake me to my bed.

"Drink on, drink on, till morning light,
In feast and dalliance waste the night;
For all that will the board is dight."

To Gradlon's daughter, bright of blee,
Her lover he whispered, tenderly:
"Bethink thee, sweet Dahut, the key!"

"O, I 'll win the key from my father's side,
That bolts the sluice and bars the tide;
To work thy will is thy lady's pride."

III.

Whoso that ancient king had seen,
Asleep in his bed of the golden sheen,
Dumb-stricken all for awe had been

To see him laid in his robe of grain,
His hair like snow, on his white hause-bane,[1]
And round his neck his golden chain.

Whoso had watched that night, I weet,
Had seen a maiden stilly fleet
In at the door, on naked feet;

To the old king's side she hath stolen free,
And hath kneeled her down upon her knee,
And lightly hath ta'en both chain and key.

IV.

He sleepeth still, he sleepeth sound,
When, hark, a cry from the lower ground,—
"The sluice is oped, Kaer-Is is drowned!

"Awake, Sir King, the gates unspar!
Rise up, and ride both fast and far!
The sea flows over bolt and bar!"

Now curséd forever mote she be,
That all for wine and harlotry,
The sluice unbarred that held the sea!

V.

"Say, woodman, that wonn'st in the forest green,
The wild horse of Gradlon hast thou seen,
As he passed the valley-walls between?"

1 "Hause," "hals-bane," neck-bone, often used in the old Scottish ballads.

"On Gradlon's horse I set not sight,
But I heard him go by in the dark of night,
Trip, trep, — trip, trep, — like a fire-flaught white!"

"Say, fisher, the mermaid hast thou seen,
Combing her hair by the sea-waves green, —
Her hair like gold in the sunlight sheen?"

"I saw the white maiden of the sea,
And I heard her chant her melody,
And her song was sad as the wild waves be."

Ballads of Brittany. Tr. Tom Taylor.

Kerloän.

BRAN.

A GREAT battle is recorded in history as having been fought in the tenth century near Kerloän, a village on the coast of Leon, between the Norsemen and the Bretons under Ewen the Great. The Normans were driven to their ships, but carried off some prisoners; among them the hero of this ballad, Bran, the grandson of a still greater chieftain of the same name, often mentioned in the Breton chronicles. Near Kerloän there is still a hamlet called after him, Kervran, or Bran's Hold.

I.

SORE wounded lies the good knight Bran
On the foughten field of Kerloän.

On Kerloän field, hard by the shore,
Lieth the grandson of Bran-Vor.

Maugre our Bretons won the day,
He 's bound and o'er sea borne away.

Borne over sea, shut up, alone,
In donjon-tower he made his moan.

"My kin they shout for joy, but I,
Sore wounded, on my bed must lie.

"O, where shall I find a post to bear
A letter unto my mother dear?"

A post has been found, and in this wise ran
The orders of the good knight Bran, —

"Now busk thee, busk thee in masquing weed,
A beggar's gown were safe at need.

"And take this signet-ring o' me,
This ring of gold, for a token to be.

"To the land of Leon when thou shalt fare,
This ring to my lady mother bear.

"And if she come with my ransom-fee,
Hoist a white flag, that I may see.

"And if she come not, O dule and woe?
Hoist a black flag, that I may know."

II.

When the messenger came to the land of Leon,
The noble dame to supper had gone.

To supper was set, with her kinsmen all, —
The merry minstrels, they harped in hall.

"Fair fall thee, noble chatelan,
I bring this ring from thy fair son Bran.

"His ring of gold, and a letter thereon, —
Behoves you read it, and read anon."

"My merry minstrels, your harping give o'er,
With a heavy grief my heart is sore.

"No time for harping is this, God wot;
My son lies bound, and I knew it not.

"To-night make me a good ship yare,
That to-morrow I over sea may fare."

III.

The morrow morn, from off his bed,
The good knight Bran to his warder said, —

"Warder, warder, look out and see
Is there no ship upon the sea?"

"Now nay, Sir Knight, naught never see I,
But it be the great sea and the sky."

The good knight Bran, at mid of day,
Again to the warder he 'gan say, —

"Warder, warder, look out and see,
Is there no ship upon the sea?"

"Now nay, Sir Knight, I see naught, I trow,
But the sea-mews flying to and fro."

The good knight Bran, at the set of day,
Again to the warder he 'gan say,—

"Warder, warder, look out and see,
Is there no ship upon the sea?"

Outspake the warder, full of guile,
And smiled on him a cruel smile,—

"A ship I see, far, far away,
And the winds about it lash the spray."

"What flag? what flag blows out to sight?"
Is 't of the black? is 't of the white?"

"Sir Knight, if rightly I discern,
'T is black,—I swear by the brands that burn."

The woful knight, when this he heard,
Thereafter never uttered word.

He turned his pale face to the wall,
And shivered as they that in fever fall.

IV.

The lady, as ever she leaped to land,
Bespoke the townsfolk upon the strand,—

"What here has happed? what means this thing,
That thus I hear the church-bells ring?"

An aged man, that the ladye heard,
Made answer straight upon the word, —

"One we had here in hold, a knight,
Is dead, so late as yesternight."

Scarce spoke were the words of that old man,
Distraught to the tower the ladye ran.

O, fast flowed her tears, as fast she flew,
With her thin white hairs all loose that blew,

That the townsfolk marvelled much to see
An aged ladye, of high degree,

A stranger ladye, in wail and woe,
And mourning, through their streets to go,

That each bespoke other, as by she ran,
"What ladye is this? what kith and clan?"

To the high tower foot when she won her way,
The porter the weeping dame 'gan pray:

"Draw bolt, draw bar, and let me in, —
My son, my son! that to him I win!"

He hath drawn the bar, and the bolt hath sprung:
On her son's dead body herself she flung.

And in her arms she clasped him amain,
And from that embrace never rose again.

V.

On the battle-field of Kerloän
There grows a tree looks o'er the lan';

There grows an oak in the place of stour,[1]
Where the Saxons fled from Ewen-Vor.

Upon this oak, when the moon shines bright,
The birds they gather from the night.

Sea-mews, pied black and white are there,
On every forehead a blood-speck clear.

With them a corbie, ash-gray for eld,
And a young crow[2] aye at her side beheld.

Wayworn seem the twain, with wings that dreep,
As birds that flight o'er sea must keep.

So sweetly sing these birds, and clear,
The great sea stills its waves to hear,

And aye their songs one burden hold,
All save the young crow's and the corbie's old.

And this is ever the crow's sore cry, —
"Sing, little birds, sing merrily.

"Sing, birds o' the land, in merry strain,
You died not far from your own Bretayne."

Ballads of Brittany. Tr. Tom Taylor.

1 "Battle," — frequent in our old ballads.
2 "Bran," in all the Breton dialects, means "a crow."

Kéroulaz.

THE HEIRESS OF KÉROULAZ.

I.

THE little heiress had no care,
Nor other thought in life she knew,
Than play and gambol free as air,
As great lords' daughters wont to do.

This year the heiress plays no more,
An orphan, she laments in vain,
Her father left her wondrous store, —
'T were well her kindred's word to gain.

"Alas! my only friend, farewell!
No love have I from kindred known,
My death were news they fain would tell,
And then my wealth were all their own!"

But Kéroulaz' fair heiress now
Should be as happy as the day,
For flowers of gold are round her brow,
She wears rich gowns embroidered gay;

She has no latchets to her shoes,
But stockings all of silk so bright,
Such as an heiress well may choose,
And little shoes of satin white.

So thought the guests, when at the ball
She looked as bravely as a bride;
The Marquis led her through the hall,
His wily mother at his side.

"O that I were a bird to fly
There, where I might my ear incline,
As in her chamber secretly
His wily mother speaks to mine.

"My heart is sick, — alas! I fear
Some deep design their steps have led;
They come not idly wandering here,
And know an heiress is to wed!

"De Mesle a noble name may be,
He may have wealth, perchance, in store,
But Kerthomaz is dear to me,
And will be loved forevermore."

Kerthomaz looked with heart oppressed,
As guests came trooping far and near;
He loved that gentle maid the best,
As he to her alone was dear.

"O that I were the bird of night
That on the rose-tree sings so fair,
To see her when she comes all bright
To gather roses for her hair!

"Were I a bird upon the lake
Where maidens lave the robes she wears,
My thirst in that dear wave to slake,
And swell the waters with my tears."

II.

That Saturday the evening brought
Another youth who loved her too,
Young Salaün yon halls has sought,
As he had long been fond to do.

He forward spurred his small black steed,
And at the castle gate he stood;
The heiress came herself with speed
To give an aged woman food.

"O, tell me, gentle heiress, pray,
Where are the gallant nobles gone?"
"They all have sought the chase to-day,
Why linger you behind alone?"

"I came not, lady, for the chase.
I came to Kéroulaz for you,
I came to look upon your face,
And tell you that I love you true!"

III.

"My heart is sad, each day the same,"
The heiress to her mother cried;
"'T is since the Marquis hither came, —
O mother! make me not his bride!

"My hand to any other give, —
Let Pennanrum decide my lot,

Or Salaün my troth receive,
I care not, so De Mesle 't is not!

"If I the best of all might name,
One you have not denied is he,
O, if a boon I dared to claim,
Kerthomaz should my bridegroom be."

"Now, good Kerthomaz, tell me all,
And let the truth dwell on your tongue;
Say, have you been to Kastelgall,
And saw you aught of vile or wrong?"

"I saw a hall all filled with smoke,
With broken casements flapping round;
I saw the doors all black and broke,
But ne'er a page nor groom I found.

"An aged crone was chopping hay,
No corn her master would afford;
Nor better is the feast each day
That crowns De Mesle the miser's board!"

"Now shame, Kerthomaz, you have lied;
The Marquis dwells in pomp and state,
His castle shines with costly pride,
And menials at his bidding wait.

"Both blest and honored is her lot
Whom he shall ask his bride to be—"
"O mother, since I seek it not,
Such honor is not grace to me!"

"O daughter, urge me not again,
I seek for you a happy home,
My word is given, your tears are vain,
You must the Marquis' bride become."

The dame of Kéroulaz was moved,
For jealousy lurked in her heart;
Kerthomaz secretly she loved,
And wished the heiress should depart.

The maiden's heart was like to break,—
"He gave me pledges oft of yore,
O, blithe was I those gifts to take,
O, sadly I those gifts restore!

"Kerthomaz, take your golden chain,
Your ring, your seal, I now resign;
I dare not any pledge retain,
Since I, alas! may not be thine!"

IV.

That heart was hard that would not melt
To see what looks the heiress cast,
How sadly at her gates she knelt,
And kissed the threshold as she passed:

"Farewell, dear Kéroulaz, farewell!
And all the scenes I prized of yore,
My friends, my love, I greet ye well,
I shall behold you nevermore!"

The poor were weeping one and all, —
"O, mourn not thus," the heiress cried,
"Come to me straight at Kastelgall,
And all your wants shall be supplied;

For every day large alms I'll give,
And wheat and oats and barley fine,
Three times a week ye shall receive, —
I will not spare the wealth that 's mine."

The Marquis frowned upon his bride, —
"You shall not squander thus my store,
What means this idle boast?" he cried,
"I'll have no beggars swarm my door!"

"My lord, no gold of thine I crave,
Yet shall my alms each day be given,
That through the prayers we thus shall have,
Our souls may find some grace in heaven."

V.

Two months were past, — "O, is there none
That dares my messenger to be,
And make it to my mother known
What luckless fate has chanced to me!"

Then softly spake a gentle page:
"Dear lady, write a letter straight,
And I my truth and faith engage
To leave it at thy mother's gate."

The heiress made but small delay,
The page to Kéroulaz has hied,
Where in the hall, with knights so gay,
Her mother sat in pomp and pride.

Kerthomaz stood amidst the rest,
But when the letter they unfold,
Sad fears are in the mother's breast,
Kerthomaz' cheek is pale and cold.

"O, quick the grooms, Kerthomaz, call,
To saddle straight our swiftest steeds,
We must to-night to Kastelgall,
My daughter much our presence needs!"

When at the castle gate they rung,
The mother said, "What means this cheer?
Why is the door with mourning hung,
What heavy chance has fallen here?"

"The heiress that two months ago
The Lord de Mesle went hence to wed,
Is cause of all these marks of woe,
That gentle dame to-night is dead."

"O, if that lady is no more,"
The mother cried in accents wild,
"'T is I who crushed that lovely flower,
'T is I have killed my only child!

"Her tears my pride could never move,
She would not be the Marquis' bride,

But said, 'Kerthomaz is my love,
And I can love no man beside!'"

Kerthomaz from the world is fled,
Yon abbey walls conceal his care;
The mother, to all comfort dead,
Devotes her life to God in prayer.

Anon. Tr. Louisa Stuart Costello.

La Chaudeau.

AT LA CHAUDEAU.

AT La Chaudeau, 't is long since then,
I was young, — my years twice ten, —
All things smiled on the happy boy,
Dreams of love and songs of joy,
Azure of heaven, and wave below,
At La Chaudeau.

To La Chaudeau I come back old,
My head is gray, my blood is cold,
Seeking along the meadow ooze,
Seeking beside the river Seymouse,
The days of my spring-time of long ago
At La Chaudeau.

At La Chaudeau nor heart nor brain
Ever grows old with grief and pain;

A sweet remembrance keeps off age,
A tender friendship doth still assuage
The burden of sorrow that one may know
At La Chaudeau.

At La Chaudeau, had fate decreed
To limit the wandering life I lead,
Peradventure I still forsooth
Should have preserved my fresh, green youth,
Under the shadows the hill-tops throw
At La Chaudeau.

At La Chaudeau, live on, my friends,
Happy to be where God intends;
And sometimes by the evening fire
Think of him whose sole desire
Is again to sit in the old château
At La Chaudeau.

Xavier Marmier. *Tr. Anon.*

La Crau.

LA CRAU.

La Crau is a vast stony plain, bounded on the north by the Alpines (Lower Alps), on the east by the meres of Martigue, west by the Rhone, and south by the sea. It is the Arabia Petræa of France.

And now she passes
Curlews in flocks asleep amid the grasses
Under the oaks, who, roused from slumber soft,

Arise in haste, and wing their flight aloft
Over the sad and barren plain; and all
Together "Cour'li! cour'li! cour'li!" call,

Until the Dawn, with her dew-glittering tresses,
From mountain-top to level slow progresses,
Sweetly saluted by the tufted lark,
Soaring and singing o'er the caverns dark
In the great hills, whose pinnacles each one
Appear to sway before the rising sun.

Then was revealed La Crau, the bare, the waste,
The rough with stones, the ancient, and the vast,
Whose proud old giants, if the tale be true,
Once dreamed, poor fools, the Almighty to subdue
With but a ladder and their shoulders brave;
But He them 'whelmed in a destroying wave.

Already had the rebels dispossest
The Mount of Victory of his tall crest,
Lifted with lever from its place; and sure
They would have heaped it high upon Ventour,
As they had piled the rugged escarpment
They from the Alpine range had earlier rent.

But God his hand extended o'er the plain:
The northwest wind, thunder, and hurricane
He loosed; and these arose like eagles three
From mountain clefts and caverns and the sea,
Wrapped in thick fog, with fury terrible,
And on the marble pile together fell.

Then were the rude Colossi overthrown;
And a dense covering of pudding-stone
Spread o'er La Crau, the desolate, the vast,
The mute, the bare to every stormy blast;
Who wears the hideous garment to this day.
Meanwhile Mirèio farther speeds away

From the home-lands, while the sun's ardent glare
Makes visible all round the shimmering air;
And shrill cicalas, grilling in the grass,
Beat madly evermore their tiny brass.
Nor tree for shade was there, nor any beast:
The many flocks that in the winter feast

On the short, savory grasses of the moor,
Had climbed the Alps, where airs are cool and pure,
And pastures fadeless. Yet the maid doth fly
Under the pouring fire of a June sky, —
Fly, fly, like lightning. Lizards large and gray
Peep from their holes, and to each other say:

"She must be mad who thus the shingle clears,
Under a heat that sets the junipers
A-dancing on the hills; on Crau, the sands."
The praying mantes lift beseeching hands,
"Return, return, O pilgrim!" murmuring,
"For God hath opened many a crystal spring;

"And shady trees hath planted, so the rose
To save upon your cheeks. Why, then, expose
Your brow to the unpitying summer heat?"

Vainly as well the butterflies entreat.
For her the wings of love, the wind of faith,
Bear on together, as the tempest's breath

White gulls astray over the briny plains
Of Agui-Morto. Utter sadness reigns
In scattered sheep-cots of their tenants left,
And overrun with salicorne. Bereft
In the hot desert, seemed the maid to wake,
And see nor spring nor pool her thirst to slake.

Frédéric Mistral. Tr. Harriet W. Preston.

La Garaye.

CHÂTEAU LA GARAYE.

RUINS! A charm is in the word:
It makes us smile, it makes us sigh,
'T is like the note of some spring bird
Recalling other springs gone by,
And other wood-notes which we heard
With some sweet face in some green lane,
And never can so hear again!

Ruins! They were not desolate
To us, — the ruins we remember:
Early we came and lingered late,
Through bright July or rich September;

With young companions wild with glee,
We feasted 'neath some spreading tree,
And looked into their laughing eyes,
And mocked the echo for replies.
O eyes and smiles and days of yore,
Can nothing your delight restore?
Return!

Return? In vain we listen;
Those voices have been lost to earth!
Our hearts may throb, our eyes may glisten,
They 'll call no more in love or mirth.
For, like a child sent out to play,
Our youth hath had its holiday,
And silence deepens where we stand
Lone as in some foreign land,
Where our language is not spoken,
And none know our hearts are broken.

Ruins! How we loved them then!
How we loved the haunted glen
Which gray towers overlook,
Mirrored in the glassy brook.
How we dreamed, and how we guessed,
Looking up, with earnest glances,
Where the black crow built its nest,
And we built our wild romances;
Tracing in the crumbled dwelling
Bygone tales of no one's telling!

This was the chapel; that the stair;
Here, where all lies damp and bare,

The fragrant thurible was swung,
The silver lamp in beauty hung,
And in that mass of ivied shade
The pale nuns sang, the abbot prayed.

This was the kitchen. Cold and blank
The huge hearth yawns; and wide and high
The chimney shows the open sky;
There daylight peeps through many a crank
Where birds immund find shelter dank,
And when the moonlight shineth through,
Echoes the wild tu-whit to-whoo
Of mournful owls, whose languid flight
Scarce stirs the silence of the night.

This is the courtyard, damp and drear!
The men-at-arms were mustered here:
Here would the fretted war-horse bound,
Starting to hear the trumpet sound;
And captains, then of warlike fame,
Clanked and glittered as they came.
Forgotten names! forgotten wars!
Forgotten gallantry and scars!
How is your little busy day
Perished and crushed and swept away!

Here is the lady's chamber, whence
With looks of lovely innocence
Some heroine our fancy dresses
In golden locks or raven tresses,
And pearl-embroidered silks and stuffs,

And quaintly quilted sleeves and ruffs,
Looked forth to see retainers go,
Or trembled at the assaulting foe.

This was the dungeon; deep and dark!
Where the starved prisoner moaned in vain
Until death left him, stiff and stark,
Unconscious of the galling chain
By which the thin bleached bones were bound
When chance revealed them under ground.

O Time, O ever-conquering Time!
These men had once their prime:
But now succeeding generations hear
Beneath the shadow of each crumbling arch
The music low and drear,
The muffled music of thy onward march,
Made up of piping winds and rustling leaves
And plashing rain-drops falling from slant eaves,
And all mysterious unconnected sounds
With which the place abounds.
Time doth efface
Each day some lingering trace
Of human government and human care:
The things of air
And earth usurp the walls to be their own;
Creatures that dwell alone,
Occupy boldly; every mouldering nook
Wherein we peer and look
Seems with wild denizens so swarming rife,
We know the healthy stir of human life

Must be forever gone!
The walls where hung the warriors' shining casques
Are green with moss and mould;
The blindworm coils where queens have slept, nor asks
For shelter from the cold.
The swallow, — he is master all the day,
And the great owl is ruler through the night;
The little bat wheels on his circling way
With restless flittering flight;
And that small black bat, and the creeping things,
At will they come and go,
And the soft white owl with velvet wings
And a shriek of human woe!
The brambles let no footstep pass
By that rent in the broken stair,
Where the pale tufts of the windle-stræ grass
Hang like locks of dry dead hair;
But there the keen wind ever sweeps and moans,
Working a passage through the mouldering stones.

O Time, O conquering Time!
I know that wild wind's chime
Which, like a passing bell
Or distant knell,
Speaks to man's heart of death and of decay;
While thy step passes o'er the necks of kings
And over common things, —
And into earth's green orchards making way,
Halts, where the fruits of human hope abound,
And shakes their trembling ripeness to the ground.

But hark, a sudden shout
Of laughter! and a nimble giddy rout,
Who know not yet what saddened hours may mean,
Come dancing through the scene!

Ruins! ruins! let us roam
Through what was a human home,
What care we
How deep its depths of darkness be?
Follow! Follow!
Down the hollow
Through the bramble-fencing thorns
Where the white snail hides her horns;
Leap across the dreadful gap
To that corner's mossy lap, —
Do, and dare!
Clamber up the crumbling stair;
Trip along the narrow wall,
Where the sudden rattling fall
Of loosened stones, on winter nights,
In his dreams the peasant frights;
And push them, till their rolling sound,
Dull and heavy, beat the ground.

Now a song, high up and clear,
Like a lark's enchants the ear;
Or some happy face looks down,
Looking, O, so fresh and fair,
Wearing youth's most glorious crown,
One rich braid of golden hair:

Or two hearts that wildly beat,
And two pair of eager feet,
Linger in the turret's bend,
As they side by side ascend,
For the momentary bliss
Of a lover's stolen kiss;
And emerge into the shining
Of that summer day's declining,
Disengaging clasping hands
As they meet their comrade bands;
With the smile that lately hovered
(Making lips and eyes so bright),
And the blush which darkness covered
Mantling still in rosy light!

Ruins! O, ye have your charm;
Death is cold, but life is warm;
And the fervent days we knew
Ere our hopes grew faint and few,
Claim even now a happy sigh,
Thinking of those hours gone by:
Of the wooing long since passed, —
Of the love that still shall last, —
Of the wooing and the winning;
Brightest end to bright beginning;
When the feet we sought to guide
Tripped so lightly by our side,
That, as swift they made their way
Through the path and tangled brake,
Safely we could swear and say
We loved all ruins for their sake!

Gentle hearts, one ruin more
From amongst so many score, —
One, from out a host of names,
To your notice puts forth claims.
Come! with me make holiday,
In the woods of La Garaye,
Sit within those tangled bowers,
Where fleet by the silent hours,
Only broken by a song
From the chirping woodland throng.
Listen to the tale I tell;
Grave the story is, not sad;
And the peasant plodding by
Greets the place with kindly eye
For the inmates that it had!

The Hon. Mrs. Norton.

La Quenille (La Queille).

A MODERN PILGRIMAGE.

I WAITED at La Quenille, ten miles or more
From the old Roman sources of Mont Dore;
Travellers to Tulle this way are forced to go,
An old high-road from Lyons to Bordeaux.
From Tulle to Brives the swift Corrèze descends,
At Brives you 've railway, and your trouble ends.
A little bourg La Quenille: and from the height
The mountains of Auvergne are all in sight, —

Green pastoral heights, that once in lava flowed,
Of primal fire the product and abode,—
And all the plateaus, and the lines that trace
Where in deep dells the waters find their place.
Far to the south, above the lofty plain,
The Plomb de Cantal lifts his towering train.

Arthur Hugh Clough.

Liré.

DU BELLAY TO HIS NATIVE VILLAGE.

HAPPY who like Ulysses has explored,
Or he who sought afar the golden fleece,
And safe returned, his mind with wisdom stored,
Amidst his native vales retires in peace.
When shall I hail again my village spires,—
The blue smoke rising from that village see,
And the poor mansion of my simple sires,
Its garden walks a realm, and more to me!
Dearer to me the home that thought recalls
Than Roman palaces and gorgeous halls,
Richer than marble or than sculptured stone
The gray slate on my humble roof that shone,
More bright than vaunted Tiber's ancient tide
My gentle Loire's soft waves, that murmuring glide,
Sweeter than ocean's breezes fresh and fair
My lovely Anjou's bright and balmy air,
And greater to this longing heart of mine
My little Liré than Mont Palatine!

Joachim du Bellay. Tr. Louisa Stuart Costello.

Loire, the River.

THE LOIRE.

ALONG that very Loire, with festal mirth
Resounding at all hours, and innocent yet
Of civil slaughter, was our frequent walk;
Or in wide forests of continuous shade,
Lofty and overarched, with open space
Beneath the trees, clear footing many a mile,—
A solemn region. Oft amid those haunts
From earnest dialogues I slipped in thought,
And let remembrance steal to other times,
When o'er those interwoven roots, moss-clad,
And smooth as marble or a waveless sea,
Some hermit, from his cell forth strayed, might pace
In sylvan meditation undisturbed;
As on the pavement of a Gothic church
Walks a lone monk, when service hath expired,
In peace and silence. But if e'er was heard—
Heard, though unseen—a devious traveller,
Retiring or approaching from afar
With speed, and echoes loud of trampling hoofs
From the hard floor reverberated, then
It was Angelica thundering through the woods
Upon her palfrey, or that gentle maid
Erminia, fugitive as fair as she.
Sometimes methought I saw a pair of knights
Joust underneath the trees, that as in storm

Rocked high above their heads; anon, the din
Of boisterous merriment, and music's roar,
In sudden proclamation, burst from haunt
Of Satyrs in some viewless glade, with dance
Rejoicing o'er a female in the midst,
A mortal beauty, their unhappy thrall.
The width of those huge forests, unto me
A novel scene, did often in this way
Master my fancy while I wandered on
With that revered companion. And sometimes, —
When to a convent in a meadow green,
By a brookside, we came, a roofless pile,
And not by reverential touch of Time
Dismantled, but by violence abrupt, —
In spite of those heart-bracing colloquies,
In spite of real fervor, and of that
Less genuine and wrought up within myself, —
I could not but bewail a wrong so harsh,
And for the matin-bell to sound no more
Grieved, and the twilight taper, and the cross
High on the topmost pinnacle, a sign
(How welcome to the weary traveller's eyes!)
Of hospitality and peaceful rest.
And when the partner of those varied walks
Pointed upon occasion to the site
Of Romorentin, home of ancient kings,
To the imperial edifice of Blois,
Or to that rural castle, name now slipped
From my remembrance, where a lady lodged,
By the first Francis wooed, and bound to him
In chains of mutual passion, from the tower,

As a tradition of the country tells,
Practised to commune with her royal knight
By cressets and love-beacons, intercourse
'Twixt her high-seated residence and his
Far off at Chambord on the plain beneath;
Even here, though less than with the peaceful house
Religious, mid those frequent monuments
Of kings, their vices and their better deeds,
Imagination, potent to inflame
At times with virtuous wrath and noble scorn
Did also often mitigate the force
Of civic prejudice, the bigotry,
So call it, of a youthful patriot's mind;
And on these spots with many gleams I looked
Of chivalrous delight.

William Wordsworth.

TO THE LOIRE.

RIVER of the golden sands,
River of the sunny lands,
How blithe thy rolling waves advance,
The life-streams of thy glorious France!
The pilgrim, wandering near thy tide,
Forgets his toil those banks beside,
While checkered fancies, proud and vast,
Fling o'er his soul the mighty Past.

Not thine the lot, in silent vale,
Unseen, to kiss the osiers pale, —

Through pool or waste or fen to pass
By stagnant lake or lone morass.
Springs forth thy source in earliest birth,
To deck with gifts the grateful earth;
Bears onward still the richest stores,
And casts broad harvests on thy shores.

Yet is thy temper, sooth to tell,
Like thine own land thou lov'st so well,
And change comes o'er thy beaming smile,
Inconstant as a maiden's wile;
While all seems tranquil on thy face,
Sweeps o'er the plain thy sudden race,
And wide thy boiling surges roll,
O'er homestead lone and fenceless knoll.

The poplar, thy true vassal, sees,
The angry torrent's frenzied hour,
And, bending low before the breeze,
Does homage to unquestioned power.
No change of dynasties is here, —
Loire's gleaming sword is always near;
Crowns may be lost, and states o'erthrown,
Yet Loire forever holds her own.

Far on the dim horizon's line
Thy golden spires, fair Orleans, shine;
With glories laden, as with years,
Thy giant minster's form appears;
While still by Loiret's filial stream
St. Mesmin's humbler lilies gleam.
And pious Clovis smiles above
O'er broad lands given for churches' love.

Pass onwards, towards still distant Blois;
Dream of Beaugency and Dunois;
Breathe not too long St. Cléry's air,
Nor seek the grave of "Maitre Pierre."
Let Ménars, with its bowers, beguile;
Let Pompadour's ambitious smile,
Which royal love paid dear to buy,
Dwell on the pilgrim's memory.

Pause not where frowns yon darkling pile,
As though it shunned the sunbeam's smile,
Deserted Blois! thy vanes of yore
Aloft the royal lilies bore;
Yet lurked thy gloomy towers beneath
Treason and murder, blood and death,
When Henry steeped his soul in crime,
And Catharine sought to master Time.

The bright stars shine upon thy shore,
River, as they were wont before;
Still flow thy waves in eddies deep,
Where noble Guise was doomed to sleep.
The dark astrologer, unshriven,
With Catharine, waits the doom of heaven;
Victims and kings alike are past
To their dread trial at the last.

Come, let us wander far away,
While shadows robe declining day:
O'er wooded plains and forests deep,
Where royal Chambord's turrets sleep,
The sculptured lily fresh and fair,
Symbol of sovereign power, is there, —

No longer prostrate on the earth,
But blooming in a second birth.

Say, mighty river, is the sword
Forever sheathed for Chambord's lord?
France's pure lily seems a sham,
Unsheltered by the oriflambe.
Silence and solitude reign there,
And point to Henri's vacant chair;
Sad is the lot, and deep the trance,
Of those who love the son of France.

Through tufted heights and woodlands green
Fair Chaumont's donjon lowers between.
Time was when warriors kept this prize,
Time was 't was given for woman's eyes;
Time is, and those embattled towers
By woman's hand are crowned with flowers;
Through moss-grown walls the woodbines creep,
And roses kiss the hoary keep.

Now seek thee good St. Hubert's cell,
Where Amboise boasts her citadel;
Fortress and prison, pride and shame,
That makes, yet mars, a nation's fame;
Of old, dark records tell of cost
Of life, and lands and freedom lost;
And now, the Arab chieftain's fate,
And France's honor, saved too late!

Joy to thee, noble river, joy!
No slothful brooks thy course alloy;

Swiftly by curtained Azy's keep,
Indre pours forth her currents deep,
Sweeps on her course the winding Vienne,
Where Domrémy sought regal ken,
And Chinon's leafy honors wave
O'er brave De Molay's knightly grave.

Sweet are thy amorous precincts, Cher!
Spangled with flowers thy meadows are;
Fair as of old thy tangled woods
And clear and deep thy gushing floods.
Yon stately pile is fresh and gay,
As time had cast his scythe away:
Since unchaste Dian drew her bow,
With hound and horn at Chenonceaux.

Anonymous.

Luberon, the Mountains.

GATHERING THE COCOONS.

ONCE, in the wild woods of the Luberon,
A shepherd kept his flock. His days were long;
But when at last the same were wellnigh spent,
And toward the grave his iron frame was bent,
He sought the hermit of Saint Ouquèri,
To make his last confession piously.

Alone, in the Vaumasco valley lost,
His foot had never sacred threshold crost,

Since he partook his first communion.
Even his prayers were from his memory gone;
But now he rose and left his cottage lowly,
And came and bowed before the hermit holy.

"With what sin chargest thou thyself, my brother?"
The solitary said. Replied the other,
The aged man, "Once, long ago, I slew
A little bird about my flock that flew, —
A cruel stone I flung its life to end:
It was a wagtail, and the shepherds' friend."

"Is this a simple soul," the hermit thought,
"Or is it an impostor?" And he sought
Curiously to read the old man's face
Until, to solve the riddle, "Go," he says,
"And hang thy shepherd's cloak yon beam upon,
And afterward I will absolve my son."

A single sunbeam through the chapel strayed;
And there it was the priest the suppliant bade
To hang his cloak! But the good soul arose,
And drew it off with mien of all repose,
And threw it upward. And it hung in sight
Suspended on the slender shaft of light!

Then fell the hermit prostrate on the floor,
"O man of God!" he cried, and he wept sore,
"Let but the blessed hand these tears bedew,
Fulfil the sacred office for us two!
No sins of thine can I absolve, 't is clear:
Thou art the saint, and I the sinner here!"

Frédéric Mistral. Tr. Harriet W. Preston.

Marly-le-Roi.

MARLY-LE-ROI.

TO these dark groves a royal footstep came,
And all the woods awoke. Huge stems were felled
To let in vistas of the winding Seine,
While midway on the hill the walls arose
Of the king's house, and round about his own
Were twelve pavilions set, zodiacal
Unto the king's, which was the central sun!
'T was Mansard built them, and Lebrun who wrought
Devices for the walls, while every grove,
And every alley double-lined with limes,
Had its own white-limbed god; and in the sun
A hundred fountains played, whose waters leapt
Rejoicing down the slope. A hundred years
The sister arts held sway. Here Louis reigned
With that strong hand of his; strong in despite
Of much mistake and failure. The grave wife,
Who ruled the ruler in his older years,
Kept solemn state amidst the whispering court;
And when the pageant vanished, and the times
Changed with the men, here the gay Regent played;
And here the child, the little lovely child,
Who was the heir to France and ruined her,
Played with his mates, Desired and Well-beloved,
Through all those early years. St. Simon paced
Those double alleys, with a prudent tongue,
And still more prudent ear; and the sweet bride,

Marie Leczinska, mother of a son
Too early lost, for whom that mother prayed, —
"Take him, O God, and spare his father's fate,
The shameful license of a shameless age," —
Mourned through long years of worse than widowhood.
And here the blue-eyed woman with the brow
Which never blenched before the angriest mob,
Held "mon gros Normandie" upon her knees, —
Poor pretty infant! ne'er to be a man, —
And pressed him to her heart.

Marly-le-Roi
Is utterly desolate now; and not a trace
Of the Pavilion of the Central Sun,
Nor of the other twelve, — zodiacal, —
Exists above the soil, save the hard lines
Of strong foundations bedded in the grass.
There are no fountains shining in the light,
Nor any waters leaping down the hill.
The marble gods are gone; but still the woods
Sweep with a certain curve majestical
About the empty space, as if they held
A viewless memory in their wide embrace,
And were too loath to lose it and encroach
Upon the ancient sites. On either hand
The double alleys put forth patient leaves,
Season by season, though no courtiers come
To plot and gossip there; the hand of man
Has ruined what he raised; but Nature, hard
To fashion at his will, retains his mark,
And witnesses with her persistent forms
The changes of his purpose.

Bessie Rayner Parkes.

Marmoutier.

THE MONK OF MARMOUTIER.

THERE is a convent on the Alban hill,
Round whose stone roots the gnarléd olives grow;
Above are murmurs of the mountain rill,
And all the broad campagna lies below;
Where faint gray buildings and a shadowy dome
Suggest the splendor of eternal Rome.

Hundreds of years ago these convent walls
Were reared by masons of the Gothic age:
The date is carved upon the lofty halls,
The story written on the illumined page.
What pains they took to make it strong and fair
The tall bell-tower and sculptured porch declare.

When all the stones were placed, the windows stained,
And the tall bell-tower finished to the crown,
One only want in this fair pile remained,
Whereat a cunning workman of the town
(The little town upon the Alban hill)
Toiled day and night his purpose to fulfil.

Seven bells he made, of very rare device,
With graven lilies twisted up and down;
Seven bells proportionate in differing size,
And full of melody from rim to crown;

So that when shaken by the wind alone
They murmured with a soft Æolian tone.

These being placed within the great bell-tower,
  And duly rung by pious skilful hand,
Marked the due prayers of each recurring hour,
  And sweetly mixed persuasion with command.
Through the gnarled olive-trees the music wound,
And miles of broad campagna heard the sound.

And then the cunning workman put aside
  His forge, his hammer, and the tools he used
To chase those lilies; his keen furnace died;
  And all who asked for bells were hence refused.
With these his best his last were also wrought,
And refuge in the convent walls he sought.

There did he live, and there he hoped to die,
  Hearing the wind among the cypress-trees
Hint unimagined music, and the sky
  Throb full of chimes borne downwards by the breeze;
Whose undulations sweeping through the air
His art might claim as an embodied prayer.

But those were stormy days in Italy:
  Down came the spoiler from the uneasy North,
Swept the campagna to the bounding sea,
  Sacked pious homes and drove the inmates forth;
Whether a Norman or a German foe
History is silent, and we do not know.

Brothers in faith were they; yet did not deem
The sacred precincts barred destroying hand.
Through those rich windows poured the whitened beam,
Forlorn the church and ruined altar stand.
As the sad monks went forth that selfsame hour
Saw empty silence in the great bell-tower.

The outcast brethren scattered far and wide;
Some by the Danube rested, some in Spain:
On the green Loire the aged abbot died,
By whose loved feet one brother did remain,
Faithful in all his wanderings: it was he
Who cast and chased those bells in Italy.

He, dwelling at Marmoutier, by the tomb
Of his dear father, where the shining Loire
Flows down from Tours amidst the purple bloom
Of meadow-flowers, some years of patience saw.
Those fringéd isles (where poplars tremble still)
Swayed like the olives of the Alban hill.

The man was old, and reverend in his age;
And the "Great Monastery" held him dear.
Stalwart and stern, as some old Roman sage
Subdued to Christ, he lived from year to year,
Till his beard silvered, and the fiery glow
Of his dark eye was overhung with snow.

And being trusted, as of prudent way,
They chose him for a message of import,
Which the "Great Monastery" would convey
To a good patron in an Irish court;

Who by the Shannon sought the means to found
St. Martin's offshoot on that distant ground.

The old Italian took his staff in hand,
And journeyed slowly from the green Touraine,
Over the heather and salt-shining sand,
Until he saw the leaping-crested main,
Which, dashing round the Cape of Brittany,
Sweeps to the confines of the Irish Sea.

There he took ship, and thence with laboring sail
He crossed the waters, still a faint gray line
Rose in the Northern sky; so faint, so pale, —
Only the heart that loves her would divine,
In her dim welcome, all that fancy paints
Of the green glory of the Isle of Saints.

Through the low banks, where Shannon meets the sea,
Up the broad waters of the River King
(Then populous with a nation), journeyed he,
Through that old Ireland which her poets sing;
And the white vessel, breasting up the stream,
Moved slowly, like a ship within a dream.

When Limerick towers uprose before his gaze,
A sound of music floated in the air, —
Music which held him in a fixed amaze,
Whose silver tenderness was alien there;
Notes full of murmurs of the Southern seas,
And dusky olives swaying in the breeze.

His chimes! the children of the great bell-tower,
Empty and silent now for many a year!

He hears them ringing out the Vesper hour,
Owned in an instant by his loving ear.
Kind angels stayed the spoiler's hasty hand,
And watched their journeying over sea and land.

The white-sailed boat moved slowly up the stream;
The old man lay with folded hands at rest;
The Shannon glistened in the sunset beam;
The bells rang gently o'er its shining breast,
Shaking out music from each lilied rim:
It was a requiem which they rang for him!

For when the boat was moored beside the quay,
He lay as children lie when lulled by song;
But nevermore to waken. Tenderly
They buried him wild-flowers and grass among,
Where on the cross alights the wandering bird,
And hour by hour the bells he loved are heard.

Bessie Rayner Parkes.

Marseilles.

MARSEILLES.

THOU fair Marseilles, who openest on the sea
Thy haughty eyes and gazest languidly,
As though naught else were worthy to behold,
And, though the winds rage, dreamest but of gold,
When Lazarus preached to thee, thou didst begin
Those eyes to close, and see the night within,

And to the fountain of l'Huveaune speeding,
The source whereof Magdalene's tears were feeding,
Didst wash thy sins away; and in this hour
Art proud once more; but other storms may lower.
Forget not, then, amid thy revelries,
Whose tears they are that bathe thine olive-trees!

Frédéric Mistral. Tr. Harriet W. Preston.

CAPTAIN RANCE. 1525.

WHEN Bourbon saw Marseilles,
Unto his troops said he,
"I wonder now what captain
Within that town may be?

"I care not half a crown
For any man in France,
If only within that town
Be not the Captain Rance."

Then up the Mont Coulombe,
The narrow passage through,
They all together clombe,
And on their fingers blew.

Saying, with weary knees,
"Let us all courage take;
Should we cut down these trees,
We might a passage make."

O noble Seigneur Rance!
To you our thanks be paid

For the welcome that in France
You to the Bourbon made.

With cannon-shot amain,
Likewise artillery,
You drove him back again,
As far as Italy.

Old French Song. Tr. Anon.

Martigue.

THE SUITORS.

WHEN violets are blue in the blue shadows
Of the o'erhanging trees,
The youth who stray in pairs about the meadows
Are glad to gather these.

When peace descends upon the troubled Ocean,
And he his wrath forgets,
Flock from Martigue the boats with wing-like motion,
The fishes fill the nets.

And when the girls of Crau bloom into beauty
(And fairer earth knows not),
Aye are there suitors ready for their duty
In castle and in cot.

Frédéric Mistral. Tr. Harriet W. Preston.

Mesnil-sous-Jumiéges.

AGNES SOREL.

THIS then is Mesnil, named from her whose charms
Above all other themes the poet warms:
Agnes, the star of Charles, whose early fate
Left his fond heart forlorn and desolate.

Here perfumed airs amidst each secret shade
Tell of their ancient loves that cannot fade;
These ruined walls seem mourning in decay
That worth and beauty should be swept away;
The wind moans round them sad and heavily, —
An echo of fair Agnes' latest sigh.

She bright as Grecian Helen, famed in song,
Whose eyes held Charles in love's devotion long, —
Another Paris, who would fain have been
A shepherd youth with her his rural queen:
To live for her was all he cared to do,
She his ambition and his glory too.
From wars and high contentions he removed,
Content with her to love and be beloved.
But envious rumor whispered of disgrace,
Of tarnished name and of degenerate race;
Of one who at his lady's feet bowed down,
Forgot his country, honor, and renown.

Without a blush such words could Agnes hear,
And bear reproaches on a name so dear?

With tender eloquence she woke the theme,
And bade her lover rouse him from his dream:

"Since, lowly as I am, on me thy light
Has shone so fondly and so purely bright,
And I have dared to answer to thy flame,
Ill it becomes me to eclipse thy fame.
Shall it be said, effeminate and base,
Bowed to my will, enamored of my face,
Thou canst forget thy honor for my sake?
My king, my friend, my love, arise! — awake!
Arm! arm! and lead thy subjects forth once more,
And drive the haughty English from thy shore.
Let my ambition and thine own agree,
To see a hero and my love in thee.
O, let my words dispel this idle trance,
Let Agnes be esteemed in grateful France.
I would not honor made thee love forego,
But let love teach thee honor's laws to know!"

She spoke: her generous zeal the monarch moved,
And virtue wakened at the voice he loved:
A brighter flame in his roused bosom burst
From the same torch which had effaced it first;
And by the love for which reproach he bore,
He vowed the English pride should be no more.
Then Victory, that, untrue to friend or foe,
With restless flight had hovered to and fro,
Declared for us at last, and rescued France
Beheld her banners to the skies advance!

'T was then, with conquered Normandy his prize,
The lover from long battles turned his eyes,
And midst the shades of lone Jumiége sought
The lovely object of his tenderest thought.

Then Agnes came, — she heard of treachery,
And flew to warn him of the danger nigh.
But Fate had led her to this holy fane,
And doomed her ne'er to quit those walls again.
Alas! fond lover, after all thy care,
Thy toil, thy valor, was all hope but air?
All thy heart promised void? The trial past,
Is death and sorrow thy reward at last!

O Death! has beauty, then, no power to move?
Deaf art thou thus to constancy and love?
But great although thy power, and fell thy sway,
And in her youthful prime she fell thy prey,
The wrong is less than if, as Fortune willed,
The days by Nature granted had been filled;
And those soft features and those eyes so bright
In dim and faded age had lost their light;
And that renown of Beauty's Queen no more
The world would give her, since its power was o'er.
No! to the last so lovely and so dear,
Her peerless star shone ever bright and clear!
Fair Agnes lives in never-ending fame
As long as Beauty shall be Beauty's name!

Jean Antoine de Baïf. Tr. Louisa Stuart Costello.

Moncontour.

A SONG OF THE HUGUENOTS.

MONCONTOUR is a village of France, about twenty-five miles northwest of Poictiers. In 1569, Coligny, the leader of the Huguenots, was defeated here by Henry the Third, when Duke of Anjou.

O, WEEP for Moncontour! O, weep for the hour
When the children of darkness and evil had power;
When the horsemen of Valois triumphantly trod
On the bosoms that bled for their rights and their God!

O, weep for Moncontour! O, weep for the slain
Who for faith and for freedom lay slaughtered in vain!
O, weep for the living, who linger to bear
The renegade's shame or the exile's despair!

One look, one last look, to the cots and the towers,
To the rows of our vines, and the beds of our flowers,
To the church where the bones of our fathers decayed,
Where we fondly had deemed that our own should be laid.

Alas! we must leave thee, dear desolate home,
To the spearmen of Uri, the shavelings of Rome,
To the serpent of Florence, the vulture of Spain,
To the pride of Anjou, and the guile of Lorraine.

Farewell to thy fountain, farewell to thy shades,
To the song of thy youths and the dance of thy maids,

To the breath of thy garden, the hum of thy bees,
And the long waving line of the blue Pyrenees.

Farewell, and forever! The priest and the slave
May rule in the halls of the free and the brave;—
Our hearths we abandon; our lands we resign;
But, Father, we kneel to no altar but thine.

Thomas Babington Macaulay.

Montauban.

VERSES WRITTEN AT MONTAUBAN, 1750.

TARN, how delightful wind thy willowed waves,
But ah! they fructify a land of slaves.
In vain thy barefoot, sunburnt peasants hide
With luscious grapes yon hill's romantic side;
No cups nectareous shall their toils repay,
The priests', the soldiers', and the farmers' prey.
Vain glows this sun in cloudless glory dressed,
That strikes fresh vigor through the pining breast;
Give me, beneath a colder changeful sky,
My soul's best, only pleasure, Liberty!
What millions perished near thy moanful flood
When the red papal tyrant cried out, "Blood!"
Less fierce the Saracen, and quivered Moor,
That dashed thy infants 'gainst the stones of yore.
Be warned, ye nations round; and trembling see

Dire superstition quench humanity!
By all the chiefs in Freedom's battles lost;
By wise and virtuous Alfred's awful ghost;
By old Galgacus' scythéd, iron car,
That, swiftly whirling through the walks of war,
Dashed Roman blood, and crushed the foreign throngs;
By holy Druids' courage-breathing songs;
By fierce Bonduca's shield, and foaming steeds;
By the bold peers that met on Thames's meads;
By the fifth Henry's helm, and lightning spear,
O Liberty, my warm petition hear;
Be Albion still thy joy! with her remain,
Long as the surge shall lash her oak-crowned plain!

Thomas Warton.

Montmartre.

HEINE'S GRAVE.

"HENRI HEINE" — 't is here!
The black tombstone, the name
Carved there, — no more! and the smooth,
Swarded alleys, the limes
Touched with yellow by hot
Summer, but under them still
In September's bright afternoon
Shadow and verdure and cool!
Trim Montmartre! the faint
Murmur of Paris outside;

Crisp everlasting-flowers,
Yellow and black, on the graves.

Half blind, palsied, in pain,
Hither to come, from the streets'
Uproar, surely not loath
Wast thou, Heine! — to lie
Quiet! to ask for closed
Shutters, and darkened room,
And cool drinks, and an eased
Posture, and opium, no more!
Hither to come, and to sleep
Under the wings of Renown.

Ah! not little, when pain
Is most quelling, and man
Easily quelled, and the fine
Temper of genius alive
Quickest to ill, is the praise
Not to have yielded to pain!
No small boast, for a weak
Son of mankind, to the earth
Pinned by the thunder, to rear
His bolt-scathed front to the stars;
And, undaunted, retort
'Gainst thick-crashing, insane,
Tyrannous tempests of bale,
Arrowy lightnings of soul!

Hark! through the alley resounds
Mocking laughter! A film

Creeps o'er the sunshine; a breeze
Ruffles the warm afternoon,
Saddens my soul with its chill.
Gibing of spirits in scorn
Shakes every leaf of the grove,
Mars the benignant repose
Of this amiable home of the dead.

Bitter spirits! ye claim
Heine? — Alas, he is yours!
Only a moment I longed
Here in the quiet to snatch
From such mates the outworn
Poet, and steep him in calm.
Only a moment! I knew
Whose he was who is here
Buried, I knew he was yours!
Ah, I knew that I saw
Here no sepulchre built
In the laurelled rock, o'er the blue
Naples bay, for a sweet
Tender Virgil! no tomb
On Ravenna sands, in the shade
Of Ravenna pines, for a high
Austere Dante! no grave
By the Avon side, in the bright
Stratford meadows, for thee,
Shakespeare! loveliest of souls,
Peerless in radiance, in joy.

* * * * *

Matthew Arnold.

Montpellier.

NARCISSA.

HAD you been with me in a solitary walk the other day, you would have shed a tear over the remains of his dear Narcissa. I was walking in a place called the King's Garden; and there I saw the spot where she was interred. Mr. J——, Mrs. H——, and myself, had some conversation with the gardener respecting it, who told us that about forty-five years ago Dr. Young was here with his daughter for her health; that he used constantly to be walking backward and forward in this garden; and that he bribed the under gardener, belonging to his father, to let him bury his daughter, which he did; pointed out the most solitary place, and dug the grave. The man, through a private door, admitted the Doctor at midnight, bringing his beloved daughter, wrapped up in a sheet, upon his shoulder; he laid her in the hole, sat down, and (as the man expressed it) "rained tears!" — *W. Taylor's Letter to Mrs. Mouncher.*

SNATCHED ere thy prime! and in thy bridal hour!
And when kind fortune, with thy lover, smiled!
And when high-flavored thy fresh-opening joys!
And when blind man pronounced thy bliss complete!
And on a foreign shore where strangers wept!
Strangers to thee, and, more surprising still,
Strangers to kindness, wept. Their eyes let fall
Inhuman tears; strange tears! that trickled down
From marble hearts! obdurate tenderness!
A tenderness that called them more severe,
In spite of Nature's soft persuasion steeled:
While Nature melted, Superstition raved;
That mourned the dead, and this denied a grave.
Their sighs incensed; sighs foreign to the will!
Their will the tiger-sucked outraged the storm:

For, O, the cursed ungodliness of Zeal!
While sinful flesh relented, spirit nursed
In blind Infallibility's embrace,
The sainted spirit petrified the breast;
Denied the charity of dust to spread
O'er dust! a charity their dogs enjoy.
What could I do? what succor? what resource?
With pious sacrilege a grave I stole;
With impious piety that grave I wronged;
Short in my duty, coward in my grief!
More like her murderer than friend, I crept
With soft-suspended step, and, muffled deep
In midnight darkness, whispered my last sigh,
I whispered what should echo through their realms,
Nor writ her name, whose tomb should pierce the skies!
Presumptuous fear! how durst I dread her foes,
While Nature's loudest dictates I obeyed?
Pardon necessity, blest shade! of grief
And indignation rival bursts I poured;
Half-execration mingled with my prayer;
Kindled at man, while I his God adored;
Sore grudged the savage land her sacred dust;
Stamped the curst soil; and with humanity
(Denied Narcissa) wished them all a grave.

Edward Young.

Mont Valérien.

THE CHAPEL OF THE HERMITS.

IN Mount Valerien's chestnut wood
The Chapel of the Hermits stood;
And thither, at the close of day,
Came two old pilgrims, worn and gray.

One, whose impetuous youth defied
The storms of Baikal's wintry side,
And mused and dreamed where tropic day
Flamed o'er his lost Virginia's bay.

His simple tale of love and woe
All hearts had melted, high or low;—
A blissful pain, a sweet distress,
Immortal in its tenderness.

Yet, while above his charméd page
Beat quick the young heart of his age,
He walked amidst the crowd unknown,
A sorrowing old man, strange and lone.

* * * * *

Who sought with him, from summer air,
And field and wood, a balm for care;
And bathed in light of sunset skies
His tortured nerves and weary eyes?

His fame on all the winds had flown;
His words had shaken crypt and throne;

Like fire, on camp and court and cell
They dropped, and kindled as they fell.

* * * * *

Forth from the city's noise and throng,
Its pomp and shame, its sin and wrong,
The twain that summer day had strayed
To Mount Valerien's chestnut shade.

To them the green fields and the wood
Lent something of their quietude,
And golden-tinted sunset seemed
Prophetical of all they dreamed.

The hermits from their simple cares
The bell was calling home to prayers,
And, listening to its sound, the twain
Seemed lapped in childhood's trust again.

Wide open stood the chapel door;
A sweet old music, swelling o'er
Low prayerful murmurs, issued thence, —
The Litanies of Providence!

Then Rousseau spake: "Where two or three
In His name meet, He there will be!"
And then, in silence, on their knees
They sank beneath the chestnut-trees.

As to the blind returning light,
As daybreak to the Arctic night,
Old faith revived; the doubts of years
Dissolved in reverential tears.

That gush of feeling overpast,
"Ah me!" Bernardin sighed at last,
"I would thy bitterest foes could see
Thy heart as it is seen of me!

"No church of God hast thou denied;
Thou hast but spurned in scorn aside
A base and hollow counterfeit,
Profaning the pure name of it!

"With dry dead moss and marish weeds
His fire the western herdsman feeds,
And greener from the ashen plain
The sweet spring grasses rise again."

* * * * *

So speaking, through the twilight gray
The two old pilgrims went their way.
What seeds of life that day were sown
The heavenly watchers knew alone.

Time passed, and Autumn came to fold
Green Summer in her brown and gold;
Time passed, and Winter's tears of snow
Dropped on the grave-mound of Rousseau.

"The tree remaineth where it fell,
The pained on earth is pained in hell!"
So priestcraft from its altars cursed
The mournful doubts its falsehood nursed.

Ah! well of old the Psalmist prayed,
"Thy hand, not man's, on me be laid!"

Earth frowns below, Heaven weeps above,
And man is hate, but God is love!

No hermits now the wanderer sees,
Nor chapel with its chestnut-trees;
A morning dream, a tale that 's told,
The wave of change o'er all has rolled.

Yet lives the lesson of that day;
And from its twilight cool and gray
Comes up a low, sad whisper, "Make
The truth thine own, for truth's own sake."

* * * * *

John Greenleaf Whittier.

Morbihan.

ST. GILDAS DE RHUIS.

YOU must know, then, it is in the diocese
Called the Diocese of Vannes,
In the province of Brittany.
From the gray rocks of Morbihan
It overlooks the angry sea;
The very sea-shore where,
In his great despair,
Abbot Abelard walked to and fro,
Filling the night with woe,
And wailing aloud to the merciless seas

The name of his sweet Heloise!
Whilst overhead
The convent windows gleamed as red
As the fiery eyes of the monks within,
Who with jovial din
Gave themselves up to all kinds of sin!
Ha! that is a convent! that is an abbey!
Over the doors,
None of your death-heads carved in wood,
None of your saints looking pious and good,
None of your patriarchs old and shabby!
But the heads and tusks of boars,
And the cells
Hung all round with the fells
Of the fallow-deer.
And then what cheer!
What jolly, fat friars,
Sitting round the great, roaring fires,
Roaring louder than they,
With their strong wines,
And their concubines,
And never a bell,
With its swagger and swell,
Calling you up with a start of affright
In the dead of night,
To send you grumbling down dark stairs,
To mumble your prayers.
But the cheery crow
Of cocks in the yard below,
After daybreak, an hour or so,
And the barking of deep-mouthed hounds,

These are the sounds
That, instead of bells, salute the ear.
And then all day
Up and away
Through the forest, hunting the deer!

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

END OF VOL. I.

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